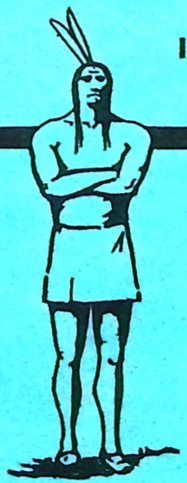
"A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants."- -Macauley.

FRONTIER TIMES

Frontier History, Border Tragedy, Pioneer, Achievement



THIS NUMBER CONTAINS:

Came to Texas in An Ox-Wagon.....1
The Old Frontier.....2
Surveying on the Frontier.....4
J. S. Burdette, Minute Man.....6
Last of Geronimo and His Band.....8
Reminiscences of Mrs. Greenwood.....12
Crockett Man Is Texas Forty-Niner....14
Two Historic Sections.....16
The Haunted House on Red River.....17
Tells of Rip-Roaring Days.....20
Early Courtship and Marriage.....23
Adventures of Jack Dobell.....24
Bill Anderson of the Quantrell Band....28
E. M. Phelan Kills a Big Chief.....30

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W. H.

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FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 2—No. 3 DECEMBER, 1924. $1.50 Per Year

Came to Texas in An Ox-Wagon

Mrs. Florence Lanham, Nimrod, Texas.

There is living at the present time near Nimrod, Texas, a slender frail little woman, who has seen more changes in Texas than any of the younger generation will ever see though we live twice her age.

Jane Wetherby Ferguson was born in Lawrence county Mississippi, October 25, 1835. Her father was a slave-holder and she grew up without any knowledge of housekeeping. She says she knew how to get the work done and if it was done correctly, for she was often called upon to oversee the servants when her mother was ill. At the close of the Civil War she was the mother of five children and was nearly as helpless as her little ones as far as any practical knowledge of caring for a home and children was concerned. But there is one thing that can be said of the women of the Old South. They faced defeat and changed conditions with a high courage. What they did not know they felt they could learn, which fact has been proved long ago. Mrs. Ferguson tells of something I have self. She said when the negroes left it thought about a great many times my- was so very lonely. Until the close of the war the negroes stayed on the place. and every night their laughter and song could be heard everywhere. She had heard this all her life, because they owned a number of slaves and lived amidst the slave-holding plantations. Suddenly the old negroes all went away and everything was still. No one can imagine the difference unless he has experienced such. The darkies thought the millenium had come for them and many of them acted accordingly. That with carpet-bag government, made conditions almost unbearable in Mississippi.

In 1867 Arthur Wetherby determined to come to Texas, the new El Dorado He hoped to give his children a better opportunity in this new country. Several of his children were married and had families, among them being Mrs. Ferguson. But it was not hard to persuade them to leave a place of such changed conditions as their childhood home had become. They decided in the summer to make the journey. People at that time thought frost and cold weather prevented yellow fever, so the Wetherbys loaded their wagons and waited for frost to come. One October morning when they arose the ground was covered with white frost, and they started at once. There were four ox-wagons and one hack in the party. Mr. Wetherby also employed six young men to keep watch at night and travel ahead in the day time to find suitable camping sites. These young men bought milk and vegetables along the route for the travelers.

Mrs. Ferguson says they traveled so slowly that often times when they camped at night they could see their camping place of the night before, especially after they reached the prairies. They crossed the Mississippi river on a steam ferry boat, which was a time of great uneasiness for her. A few months before one of her friends had lost everything due to the carelessness of the ferry boat owner. But nothing happened and they came across safe and sound with all their possessions. After they reached Texas Mrs. Ferbguson says she sat in the wagon and grieved day after day over the lack of timber, for she could not forget the fine old trees that grew in Mississippi. Her husband liked the new country immensely and every time they would pass a likely looking tree he would call her attention to it, and that only made her the more homesick for the big trees of her childhood.

They reached Washington county, two miles from Peachtree Village, on Christmas Eve, 1867. Here she did her first family washing. Land had been bought but a flaw in the title caused them to rent that year. The next year they moved to San Jacinto county and then

to Brazoria county. Here they leased land, built a house and lived four years. They put in fifteen acres in cotton and made fifteen bales the first year. The cotton grew so high, Mrs. Ferguson said, that when her husband thought cattle might be in the field he rode over the field on horseback and she could just see his head above the cotton stalks. That fall she says she stood on lower branches and pulled down the boles from the top of the stalks.

They decided to leave Brazoria county on account of so much sickness and so much rain. A flood came while they were there and came near destroying everything they had. She says they watched the river three days and nights expecting it to reach their habitation. A skiff was made to leave in if it reached a certain point. She says she stood on the bank and saw houses, cattle and horses float down stream, and said it was a sight never to be forgotten.

Mr. Weatherby, her father, had moved to Comanche county. The Fergusons traveled around six months looking for a location and finally located near Mr. Wetherby. Mr. Ferguson cut a pile of brush on some vacant land joining Mr. Wetherby, signifying that the land was his, and they then went to Falls county to gather a crop of cotton. Returning, they built a little log cabin and put in sixteen acres of land that year. The children were in good health and the future seemed bright. By June the corn was waist high, but one afternoon the wind began to blow from the north very cold, and that night a heavy frost came which killed almost everything. This frost in June is talked about even to this day. The Fergusons had put all their cleared land in corn, and it was very discouraging to look out over their field and see the blackened stalks. Prospects seemed dark indeed. A great many people left Comanche county, but the Fergusons decided to remain there and try again. The father and three larger boys picked cotton that fall near Waco, and after Christmas Mr. Ferguson went out west where a brother-in-law was killing buffalo for their hides. He hauled back two wagon loads of buffalo meat and sold one of the loads in Comanche. The money they made picking cotton and from the sale of the buffalo meat kept them through the winter. The next year they made a good crop, and their future was assured.

Grandma Ferguson, as she is affectionately known by everyone, is serene in the faith that the sunset of this life will be the sunrise of another more perfect. Her husband after a long life of usefulness, passed to his reward in 1911.

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

As long as Indians committed murders on our northern frontier they seldom slighted Jack county. Some of the most brutal murders ever committed anywhere were committed in that county yet the accounts given of them are so meager that they are scarcely worth reading and convey no idea of the horrors of the offenses committed, their inexcusable cruelty and. devilish brutality.

In June, 1871, Charles E. Rivers was killed by the Indians in Jack county while gathering cattle. He was a native of Louisiana. His father came to Texas when Charley was a small boy. After he grew to manhood he went to Pike's Peak, the trip to which place was a long perilous one, laden with many dangers, through a wilderness as trackless as the ocean, and Indian country every foot of it. Young Rivers stayed at Pike's Peak about a year. Trouble was then brewing between the states which resulted in the unfortunate war of 1861-65. There was at that time at Pike's Peak men from practically everywhere and of every shade of belief concerning the matter then harrassing and disturbing our country and there were many warm discussions between those favoring the South and those favoring the North. In many of these discussions there was very decidedly much more heat than light. In 1861 Young Rivers, who was rather a small man, got into, or was forced into an argument with a big burly fellow who had nothing but heat and who sought to bully Charley and impose on him. Right then that

big bully had jumped up a man he could neither bully nor frighten. Immediately afterward Young Rivers, accompanied by Todd Willett and others, was on his way to Texas, and that big bully is still at Pike's Peak. The Rivers party arrived at Weatherford in Parker county, I think, in May, 1861. To me Charley Rivers was a hero. He had gone to Pike's Peak from Texas and returned, through as savage a country as any man had ever seen. (Take a map and look at the route.) He had seen things and could tell about them in a highly interesting manner. I followed him as his shadow, stuck closer to him than a brother. I was then fourteen years old and loved adventure, and loved to hear adventure, and Charley Rivers had "been there" and could tell it. Finally in 1861 he joined a company raised in Parker county, and served faithfully and honorably to the close of the war. After the surrender he returned to Weatheford and engaged in the cattle business in which he was very successful, and which business he was engaged in when he was killed by the Indians. In the meantime at Weatherford he married Mrs. Ford, who was a daughter of that noble old frontiersman and princely gentleman, Oliver Loving.

Charley Rivers was a fearlessly brave man and was universally respected by all who knew him because of his many noble qualities of heart and mind and because of his social and generous spirit, and because of these noble qualities he is now held in grateful remembrance by the people among whom he passed the last years of his life.

The circumstances attending the murder of Charley Rivers were substantially as follows, given by W. B. Slaughter, who heard the shots and yells of the Indians when the camp of Charley Rivers was attacked, in the following letter:

San Antonio, Texas, Sept. 6, 1924.

Judge W. K. Baylor:

Dear Judge:—In looking over Frontier Times I see that Mrs. Brown claims that Charley Rivers was killed on Salt Creek in Young county. I see that you are writing articles for Frontier Times, so I will ask you to make a correction, for I am sure Mr. Hunter intends to compile this literature in book form. My father, G. W. Slaughter, sold his cattle on the range to J. C. Loving and Charley Rivers, Charley being Loving's brother-in-law. Early in 1871 I took a herd of cattle as far as Wichita, Kansas. At this place I received instructions to turn my cattle over to another party and return with my outfit to Dillingham Prairie, in Jack county, where my father had a ranch, and there receive from Loving and Rivers as part payment on the cattle my father had sold them. This was in June, 1871. Upon my arrival it was found that Loving and Rivers did not have a sufficient number of the grade of cattle I had been instructed to receive. Therefore, Charley Rivers, with a part of his outfit, went up on Rock Creek to Little Lost Valley and there gathered enough cattle to fill the contract and arrived with them late in the evening on Dillingham's Prairie and camped about three-fourths of a mile above where I was holding the cattle I had received in a corral to prevent a stampede. At about two o'clock in the morning I heard the shooting and the Indians yelling. I rushed to the fires and extinguished all of them in order not to furnish the Indians any data as to my whereabouts. I knew from the shooting and yelling that the camp of Charlie Rivers had been attacked by Indians. My judgement was correct. In the attack Charley Rivers was desperately wounded. A man was at once started to Weatherford for a doctor and Charley Rivers was moved near the corral where I was holding cattle and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit under some large liveoak trees. I went to see him and he told me that he did not know whether the Indians shot him or one of his own men. He was shot with a gun, and not an arrow. Late that evening Dr. Millikin and another doctor from Weatherford, together with Mrs. Rivers and others with a conveyance, arrived and Chalrey Rivers was carried to Weatherford where, after a short period of suffering, he died. I never saw him again. As soon as I received the cattle I left for Kansas. These are the facts and I hope the first article you write for Frontier Times you will supply them,

Yours truly,
W. B. SLAUGHTER

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Surveying on the Frontier of Texas

By J. B. Gillett Ex Sergeant Texas Rangers.

Early in the summer of 1870 Horace Luckett, a noted surveyor of Bastrop, Texas, came to Austin and fitted out a party for a three-month surveying trip on the frontier. For chainmen he secured Jake Lutz and Dave Ligon of Austin, with Tom Merrill, a negro, as cook. My father, Maj. James S. Gillett, had some land certificates he wished to locate, and arranged to accompany the party. The writer, a boy of fourteen years, was taken along as a line marker and to assist in building rock corners when rocks were to be had.

We left Austin about June 1, 1870, I think. Traveled by the old town of Bagdad, in Williamson County, thence to Liberty Hill and on to Lampasas Springs. from there we traveled to Brownwood, Texas, then just a frontier village of log cabins—only one store in the place. I remember the Connolleys the Fisks, the Adamses and the Vaughans lied there. What a change fifty-three years has wrought in this town and county! Now Brownwood is one of the principal little cities in Texas .From there we traveled on to Camp Colorado, in Coleman County. This old abandoned government post had a store, and I think the only postoffice in that county was there. Here Mr. Luckett employed an old frontiersman and scout by the name of Alexander as guide for our party. Mr. Alexander was armed with a Henry rifle, the first and best magazine gun to appear on the frontier of Texas after the Civil War.

Our guide was an excellent marksman and kept the party well supplied with wild game, such as buffalo, antelope, deer and wild turkey. At Camp Colorado we secured as many supplies as two pack animals could carry and left civilization behind. We did not see a human being outside of our own party, for nearly two months. Our first surveying was done where the pretty little town of Santa Anna now stands, at and on the southwest side of a high mountain from which the town takes its name. This Santa Anna mountain stands out in an open plain and can be seen from the north, south and west for a great distance. It was a noted landmark for the Comanche and Kiowa Indians in early days.

From here we went to Post Oak Springs in the western part of Coleman County, then worked out in the open country to old Fort Chadbourne. We then surveyed back to where the fine town of Ballinger now stands. From there we worked north in the direction of two more noted landmarks of that country, Buffalo Gap and Table Mountain. All of this was a dangerous Indian country, and our little band of six men and one boy had to keep closely bunched at all times, so as to resist any attack that might be made upon us.

Mr. Luckett and the chain carriers had to walk. The rest of the party —that is, my father and Mr. Alexander— rode on horseback and led the horses of the foot men. The negro cook led the two pack animals. On each saddle was strapped a fine winchester, while each man carried a belt filled with cartridges and a six shooter. Members of the party were never fifty yards away from each other while at work. In camp we always kept out a guard, both by day and by night.

This was a great experience for a boy of my age on his first trip to the frontier. I was the only one of the party who was practically footloose— that is, I had no horses to lead and had a fine, gentle pony (old Tom) to ride. Although it was summertime, there were a few straggling buffaloes that had not gone north with the main herd. I certainly shelled those old bulls, wild horses and antelope with my 44 Winchester carbine, and while I fired more shots than all the rest of the party together, I don't remember that I killed a single thing, certainly not a buffalo.

From the Table Mountain country we worked over onto the head of Jim Ned Creek, to the Heart ranch, in the northern part of Coleman County. We had now been out nearly six weeks, without seeing an Indian or anyone else, but just two days before we reached this Heart settlement a band of Indians charged this ranch. One of the Heart boys had walked out about a quarter of a mile from the ranch, unhobbled his pony, which was grazing there, mounted him bareback and started to the house. The Indian charged him, and, as Mr.

Heart was in his shirt sleeves and unarmed, he made a lightning dash for the ranch. Two Indians ran right up to the flying horseman, pumping lead from their pistols at both horse and man. The pony was shot and killed just as they had entered the yard to the ranch, while the rider escaped into the house unhurt. Another one of the Heart boys, who was slightly indisposed, was lying on a bed. He jumped to his feet, grabbed his Winchester just as the Indians charged up, and before they could turn and get away he shot and killed one of them. The Indian fell within fifteen feet of the ranch house. The balance of the Indians, knowing at least two armed men were in the house, quickly withdrew.

Three miles below the Heart settlement a cow outfit was gathering cattle to take up the trail. In this cow camp were three green Georgians, who had come out to western Texas to seek their fortunes Their names were Maj. Hines, Rufe Evans and C. B. Willingham, afterward known all over the frontier of Texas as Cape Willingham. They had never seen a wild Indian, dead or alive, and, as they all three were on herd and could not get away from their work in a body, they delegated Cape Willingham to go up into the Heart settlement and bring the dead Indian down to camp, that they might see him. Willingham tied a rope around the Indian and dragged him down to the cow camp, that the boys might view a real good Indian—a dead one. Our party missed by two days seeing this Indian, but I saw the horse they killed. The Hearts showed us the Indian's bow, arrows and shield. The boys had also secured the Indian's pistol, an old Remington cap and ball, the pistol the Comanche had killed Mr. Heart's horse with. I also saw and handled the Indian's scalp. This was a wonderful experience for a boy of my age. I lost all interest in ever living in Austin again. Soon afterward I became a cowboy, and, when old enough joined the Texas Rangers and lived on the Texas frontier for as long as there was any frontier.

One of these three Geirgians, Cape Willingham afterward became a celebrated frontiersman. He was Sheriff at Mobeetie when that town was the toughest place in which a human ever lived. He also was manager for many years of the Turkey Track ranch, and handled thousands of cattle. It is said Cape Willingham, while having a well drilled for the Turkey Track ranch in the Pecos Valley, struck the first flow of artesian water in that country. C. B. Willingham was well known by nearly every cowman from the Rio Grande to Red River, especially in the Panhandle and Eastern New Mexico country.

Capt. Gillett's Book.

Capt. J. B. Gillett's thrilling book "Six Years with the Texas Rangers," and Frontier Times one year, together, for $3.00. Only a limited number at this low price. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

First College in Texas.

On September 23, 1838, Rutersville College was opened at Rutersville, a village of Austin's Colony, set apart by ten members of the Methodist church for school purposes. Reverend Littleton Fowler, pioneer of Methodism in Texas, with his co-worker, Robert Alexander, aided in the Establishment of this school. Rev. D. N. V. Sullivan was the first teacher. In 1840, through the untiring efforts of Rev. Chauncy Richardson, a charter was secured from the Texas government and four leagues of land was donated to the school. In 1856 Rutersville College was consolidated with the Military Institute of Galveston. It was abandoned at the beginning of the Civil War. It was named in honor of Dr. Ruter and was probably the first chartered school in Texas.

First Paper Printed in Texas.

The first paper was printed in Texas, September 29, 1829, at San Felipe de Austin, near the present town of Belleville, by Godwin Brown Cotton, and was called "The Cotton Plant." It was a four-page, three column, nine and a half by twelve inches, subscription price six dollars per year.

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J. S. Burdette, Minute Man and Soldier

Written by Odie Minatra, Corsicana, Texas.

Few couples now living in the broad latitude of Texas have been witness to more stirring events and epochal change than have Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Burdette, living in Dawson, Texas.

Mr. Burdette was born in 1844, in Shelby county, just when his father and other progressive pioneers were transferring to the fertile fields of Texas the plantation life of the old states. His father, a teacher of his neighbor's children, and withal a sturdy man, moved to Johnson county before the catastrophe of 1861. Here young John Burdette ranged and hunted over the bald prairie and "cow licks" where now is the thriving little city of Cleburne. Buchanan was then the county seat.

As a boy in his first teens he rode and brushed with the Indians and the Civil War found him ready to guard the homesteads. The able men called to war, a "Minute Company" was organized at old Alvarado with Cathey in command. With this company Burdette saw thrills unbelievable to the modern youth. His compatriots for the most part were no more than fourteen to sixteen years of age, but all skilled in horsemanship and the use of weapons. The Cherokees and others took advantage of the absence of the men to make forays on the settlers. Young Burdette early had an encounter while out scouting with Captain Cathey. In the Hills beyond what is now Ft. Worth, but what was then only a log commissionary, three Indians armed and well mounted were seen. Cathey and Burdette maneuvered for advantage. Finally Captain Cathey told his youthful scout to ascend the head of the canyon and thus intercept their escape while he at the right moment would push in from the rear.

"Give me your horse," he said, a fleet footed, part Arabian, which Burdette proudly owned. "I' ll get them, while you engage them in the front." A few moments and the surposed warriors saw a lone horseman pursuing them. A running fight ensued in which superior speed and marksmanship prevailed, and three Indian ponies galloped over the plain riderless.

As soon as he could pass physical muster Burdette was with the Confederates in Louisiana. In Davidson's brigade, known as the "Dirty Devils," he took part in the notable Peach Orchard Fight where 2800 Texans held nearly ten times their number in stubborn and victorius skirmish. "I soldiered here with the laziest and gamest man in the war," says Mr. Burdette, "Hugh Taylor, perhaps three times my senior, noted throughout the regiment for his indolence and his nerve, took me under his wing. One day we were in a sharp skirmish when Taylor, who was utterly fearless in the danger zone, called to me, "Hey, boy, see that colonel and captain with the Yanks; I take the big'un; you get his mate." We had refuge behind a seasoned log but before either of us could get our lead the whizz of a minnie ball, a ground skinner, made us flush like quail, and hardly were our heels clear when that log was shot to splinters. Taylor unconcerned, invited me to a sycamore stump to continue the fun. This was at the Cheneyville fight.

"Texans were long horned and unschooled in those days. At Big Cain, Louisiana, we saw a Federal gunboat coming down. We were from Texas and thought nothing could withstand a six shooter. Thirty of us including Taylor, jumped in to stampede that boat. Swimming as near its path as we could every one of us emptied his six-shooter, which had been held above the water, but the steam boat did not seem embarrassed. Then two dozen foolhardy soldiers were nearly drowned on the return, only ropes thrown to us from the bank saved our skins."

Passing through the war with its episodes Burdette also witnessed the coming and going of the carpet-bagger. Once he was overhauled four miles from the border of Mexico in his effort to save 45 pounds of Texas cotton. Few men had more hand-to-hand contact with that colorful era than did he. The redoubtble Sim Dickson, the Missouri crusader who was credited with the death of a score and a half of the hated Yanks, received succor at his hand and home. Dickson was later killed by Merrit Trammel, negro deputy sheriff and his posse. But Dickson's friends avenged him. A few old timers will recall Old Harcrow,

freed from the jail at Old Springfield, the county seat of Limestone, and that Harcrow, while on the scout, carried out the commission to kill the negro Trammel. Thereby hangs a story that would make good reading.

Indians, horsethieves, carpetbaggers, infested in turn or in unison, the state following the Civil War, Burdette was one of those night riders who policed, without commission or pay, large settlements against these dangers. "Those were evil days," he says, "and often men on both sides forgot to be brotherly. I hope no man ever sees their return."

A young man applied to him for work and was sent for the oxen in the pasture. He evidently became confused, for six days later Burdette captured him with his saddle mare in Corsicana. This young man was freed by the court on the score of insanity, but one month later the same love of his neighbor's horse caused a certain settlement to stage a hanging bee at which he was the principal actor. In these days Burdette and his crusading friends rode north to the Indian nations, west to the Chisholm trail, and south till they caught their man. He was in those days an unerring shot with rifle, or his cap and ball pistol, and even today, at eighty, he is no mean figure with a gun.

In 1867 Burdette cowboyed from Dallas to New Orleans with a drove of 3500 steers, consuming two and one half months in the trip. A feature of the trip was that upon arriving at the banks of the Trinity at Dallas that stream was swollen, and while waiting for swimming conditions the herd was stampeded by one Hewitt with a blanket for the amusement of Hewitt who was not overly fond of the Yankee herd owner. This gentleman left his horse in the melee and only the quick work of Burdette and his brother rescued the proprietor tenderfoot from being trampled under the feet of the milling steers As it was they brought him out, but left his boots in the mud.

Mrs. Burdette, the staunch little woman of gentle instincts who endured it all and reared a large, sober family of boys and girls, still has a keen interest in those early day exploits. She knew well Pat Plummer whose mother was captured by the Indians and compelled to witness her small child tied to the heels of a wild mustang, to make an Indian holiday. She buried the little boy as best she could with a stolen butcher knife. For weeks she strove to end her misery by making the Indians kill her, but to no avail. Once to this end she pushed an Indian woman in the fire. But instead of meriting death with the Indians for this, the bucks grunted, and after this until her rescue she eceived kinder treatment.

HANGING OF BILL LONGLEY.

Some months ago Frontier Times requested some one to send in a sketch about the hanging of Bill Longley. Mr. Hiram G. Craig of Brenham, sends us the following:

"On October 11th, 1878, near Giddings in Lee County, Texas, occurred the hanging of Bill Longley for the murder for Wilson Anderson. On the day the murder was committed Longley went to the Anderson home on the Yeagua Creek where Wilson Anderson was plowing. Anderson was singing a religous song as he plowed out to the end where Longley was waiting for him, so Longley let him plow another round before he killed him.

"Longley was tried in Giddings and given the death penalty. At that time Jim Brown, who was afterward killed in a fight with policemen in Garfield Park in Chicago, was sheriff of Lee County. On the gallows with him at the time of the hanging were his two deputies, W. J. McClellan of Houston, and Charlie Brown, who has been dead for many years, Virge Woolley, Zinna Eggelston and a Catholic priest.

"Longley was very calm and unconcerned as he was led on the gallows. His last words were: "Friends, I hate to die. We all hate it when the time comes; but I guess those I killed hated to die as bad as I do. I have made peace with my God and am ready to go. Goodbye everybody!" As the trap was sprung and Longley went down, the Andersons, who witnessed the execution, clapped their hands.

"Though it has been forty-six years ago, the above is a true and correct statement of the execution as I remember it. I sat on my horse as close to the gallows as I could get and watched the execution. There are, however, many people in Lee county who also witnessed the execution."

The Last of Geronimo and His Band

Col. Wm. Strover, in National Tribune.

Prior to 1886 the Indians in New Mexico and Arizona had been a constant source of trouble; especially so the Apaches, which made it necessary for Government to keep a considerable number of troops in the territories affected. Scattered small army posts wre the bases of the different troops, but it was not for long periods that the troops could enjoy the comparative quiet and rest at these posts. The greater part of their service was spent in the field after the Indians.

In 1885 the Apaches made what was destined to be their last effort to satisfy their lust for blood, under the wily Geronimo, who was what is called a coyote —a half-breed. This campaign lasted about a year and a half, but it was strenuous for the troops while it lasted.

It was at no time an easy job to hunt the crafty Apache thru the wild and unsettled parts of Arizona, and if those critics who found fault with the army for not ending more quickly what they considered an easy task—that of capturing a small band of hostile Indians— had been with the troops and had traveled over the country, they would have been convinced that the final capture of the band of Indians, with its leader, Geronimo, was a very creditable accomplishment.

The conditions under which the troops operated was especially difficult, for 1885 and 1886 were the driest years ever known in the territories. For nearly 13 months not a drop of rain had fallen in the territory of Arizona. Water holes and small streams which always had contained a fair supply of water had dried up, and troops were often forced to make long, heart-breaking marches between water places, and then to find only scant supplies.

The cavalry, which was used to keep the Indians moving, was handicapped by having horses, which had to be watered and fed regularly, and which could not proceed headlong after Indians where water and feed were not certainly obtainable.

The Indians who rode the wiry little Indian ponies, inured to hardships and who had always spare horses with them for a change, had an overwhelming advantage over the soldiers. Besides, they knew of hidden water holes unknown to the scout or soldier. Often, when in close proximity of fleeing Indians, the troops had to abandon the chase because the animals were on the verge of a breakdown.

To this day the traveler may notice large, dead trees, on the ridges in Arizona, and any old timer can tell him that these trees died during the long dry spell in 1885-86.

Such were the conditions under which the army had to operate during the Geronimo campaign. The heat was terriffic during the day. The soil, where it was not stony, was a pulverized dust, which rose in a straight column into the air when disturbed. During the hot season it was practically impossible to move in the daytime, and troops on the move would usually start the day's march before 4 in the morning, travel until near 1 o'clock, then lie around in the scant shade of cactus or mesquite until about 5 o'clock in the evening. After a supper, the march would be resumed and kept up until near 10 o' clock.

Rest during the day was impossible on account of the terrific heat and what rest was obtained during the few cool hours in the night was altogether too short. And then, that choking dust while on the march. Sometimes it was almost impossible to see through it, and mingled with perspiration it would form a layer over the body that gave one a very unpleasant sensation.

Lately there has been much written about the "cooties" in the trenches, and what a disgusting pest they were. Let the reader imagine the state of the soldier's body who had to live under the conditions told in this story, with water for washing only rarely available. They had a way to get rid of the "cooties" though. When we happened to rest at a place where shade was available, so that the sun would not blister the bare body, the soldier would strip off his underwear and shirt, go to a nearby ant hill, stir up the pile, so as to get the ants excited and then put his belongings on the ant hill. The ants, especially the large red kind, riled up over the disturbance, would attack the "cooties,"

brood and all, and in a short while the pest had been exterminated.

When Geronimo and his band of cutthroats were finally run down and captured, the Government decided to make an end of the ever-recurring outbreaks and round up all of the trouble makers and their kith and kin, and transport them to the far distant Florida. This was the only practical solution of the question, for as long as the blood-thirsty Apaches were on their own familiar grounds, which offered them an easy opportunity to escape and hide in inaccessible mountains, after committing an outrage, so long would they continue their bloody work.

Arizona was at that time sparsely settled, and in the vicinity of the Indian reservations there would gather men who were in many respects worse than the bad Indians. Outlaws, gamblers, dive-keepers, and traders—the scum of the earth, who, in order to get up an excitement and get a lot of soldiers into the country, who would bring money into circulation, would supply the Indians with enough forty-rod whiskey to get their savage instincts aroused, and then, of course, there would be trouble.

To these border ruffians may be directly charged many an Indian disturbance—it does not take much urging to get an intoxicated Apache to cut some one's throat. As soon as the troops arrived, there was an influx of money, traders sold supplies, ranchers sold feed, and there were odd jobs for the boarder loafers; saloon keepers reaped a harvest when a body of soldiers were around, and the gambler was in his glory. Therefore to many of the early residents, excepting the bona-fide settlers, an Indian outbreak was a piece of good luck, and they did what they could to make it come around frequently.

This state of affairs came to sudden end when the Apaches were removed to Florida. All Apaches selected for deportation were rounded up by calvary and Indian scouts, and collected at Fort Apache, Ariz. From there they were taken overland to Holbrook, where they were to be put on the train for their journey east. About 900 Indians were gathered at Fort Apache after the round up. They were allowed to take all their belongings on the march to the railroad.

When this caravan moved off it made a procession nearly two miles long, and contained some wagons and about 1,200 Indian ponies and, as each Indian family keeps all the dogs it can get, about 3,000 dogs.

At the front and rear of the column marched infantry companies, while cavalry covered the two flanks in single file, and farther out were the Indian scouts, stripped and painted as if on the war path, with their carbines always ready for instant action. No chances were taken to have any one sneak away. This formation was kept up until they arrived at Holbrook.

In order to avoid much trouble while on the march, the Indians had been told that they were to be taken to see the "Great Father" in Washington, to have a talk with him, and this seemed to please them, and they moved along nicely.

As meat was always furnished the Indians "on the hoof," there was quite a drove of cattle following the column in the rear. After arrival in camp, the scouts would kill the number of steers required, by shooting them, and then the squaws would rip open the carcass, drag out the entrails, and, grabbing all one could hold, squat down behind some bush or rock and began to weave the intestines into a braid, which operation at the same time removed the smelly contents. After this, the tidbit was ready for the evening meal.

To see those savages fighting for the raw meat, covered with gore from the struggle, and then draw to one side with the spoil, was a sight worse than to watch a pack of hungry coyotes fighting over a decaying carcass.

During the night a close watch was kept, partly to prevent escape, and partly for the protection of the Indians, as a bunch of cowboys were following the caravan at some distance, just watching for a chance to even up old scores against the Apaches. Many of these cowboys bore old grudges on account of depredations, and some mourned the loss of friends who were murdered by the Indians, and they wanted to be on hand if there should be a chance to get in a shot. The Indians seemed to be aware of this and kept rather close within the lines. The Indian scouts kept circling around the camp all night, some distance away, and I have often wondered if they ever slept. They seemed to be always on the move and watching.

The road between Fort Apache and Holbrook ran mostly through a desolate country, with a few small Mormon settlements at intervals; it was in a most

deplorable state on account of the long dry spell, and travel was necessarily slow.

To watch this column from a distance with its 1,200 horses, some wagons, 900 Indians, mostly squaws and children, and with thousands of dogs circling around, and this whole column surrounded by negro cavalry soldiers, and they in turn by the Indian scouts, was a great sight. Clouds of dust rose high to heaven, and the movement could be seen for 20 miles.

After seven days of travel the procession arrived at Holbrook and came to a halt in the bottom lands of the Little Colorado River, on the south side of the stream bed. The Little Colorado was dry at that time. Across the stream bed was the track of the Santa Fe Railroad, and on a side track was a train of 18 tourist car for the accom dation of the Indians and their military escort.

The cavalry formed a great circle around the camping place, beginning at each end of the waiting train, and extending far out, while the infantry guarded the other side of the train, thus forming a ring through which it would have been practically impossiable to break through.

After the steers had been killed by the scouts and the Indians had received their meat rations, fires were started by small groups, and then the powwows began. What a sight! I was standing on the railroad track, on elevated ground, and, overlooking the great camp in the river bottom, saw a spectacle that perhaps no man will see again. Several hundred fires were glowing among the low brush and around each fire was a group of Indians, dancing and singing in celebration of their coming journey to see the "Great Father" in Washington. Drums were sounding incessantly and the frenzied, monotonous chant of the Indians pervading the night air, and the mournful howling of the thousands of dogs over all (they seemed to scent a catastrophe), made a curious and wonderful impression, never to be forgotten. All night this powwow lasted, and many of the inhabitants of the little frontier town of Holbrook spent all night watching the spectacle.

Early the next morning, at a signal from Maj. Wade, who was in command, the cavalry and scouts began to close in toward the train, and the circle narrowed, the Indians were gradually forced toward the railroad track and to the train.

Not one of the savages had seen a railroad and they did not know what to make of the strange wagons which should carry them away. They hesitated to climb aboard, and for awhile it looked as if there would be trouble. Something had to be done, so finally some soldiers picked up some squaws and children and amid fearful screams hoisted them bodily into the cars. When the others saw that nothing happened to those on the strange vehicle, they began to climb aboard slowly.

It took quite awhile before all were stowed away inside the cars. All it was feared that some passengers might attempt to jump thru the window when the train was starting. And that is what would have happened, for when the train did start, there was tremendous excitement, everybody standing up and yelling. When nothing happened, the excitement subsided gradually and all sat down in their seats, and wondering, looked out to see the scenery slowly pass by. It was a strange experience for those savages.

All the camp paraphernalia had been left behind, except some personal belongings, tied up in bundles.

When the Indians were nearly all on the train, the dogs started a terrific racket and as the train started, the thousands of deserted dogs tried frantically to keep abreast of the moving cars, every one howling with all his might. They were so thick, that there wasn't room enough for all of them to run, and half of them would be on the ground and the other half scrambling over them. What a sight. Gradually the dogs thinned out as the train gathered speed, but a few of them kept up for about 20 miles. The Indian horses were brought to Fort Union by the cavalry and were later sold at public sale.

For many years I wondered what had become of all the dogs, which must have been a menace to all living things in that country. A few years ago when I was again at Holbrook, I asked one of the old timers what had become of the horde of Indian dogs. "Oh man!" he exclaimed, "we just had to turn out and shoot them, and, believe me, it kept us busy. The cowpunchers helped us and they had great sport with the dogs, shooting them from the saddle."

The first and last cars of the Indian

train were occupied by the escorting soldiers, and between the cars on the platforms was a guard of four men. The cars were packed to capacity with the Indians. There was but little ventilation, as the windows had to be kept closed Within a couple of hours after the start, the cars were in a horrible condition. Just imagine what a room would look like which had been jammed with animals and kept closed for some time. That is just the condition the railroad cars were in when we came to our first stopping place, a lonely water tank. There the Indians were let out and fed. Six of the bucks had been designated as "Capitanos," and had been placed each in charge of a group of the Indians. At every halt, always at some lonely water tank, the rations were placed in six equal piles and the interpreter would call for the six "Capitanos," who would then divide the food among their represenative groups.

At the first halt, after the Indians had been let out, the division superintendent of the road, who was on the train, wanted to go inside one of the cars, but he did not get farther than the door,"Whew!" he exclaimed, "That's awful! I guess all we can do with this equipment is to burn it when we get to our destination." That night I had to go to the rear car on the train, and as there were no stops, I was compelled to make my way through the whole train Heavens! When I think of that trip, even at this time, I get seasick.

Something had to be done to clean the cars, but ordinary methods would have been inadequate, so when the train stopped for the morning feed, the superintendent had each car washed out with a hose and a powerful stream of water. Of course, it was not a pleasure to have to go into one of the cars after this cleaning, but it was the only way to make it possible for any human being, other than an Indian, to enter them at all.

At Las Vegas, N. M., the train was divided into two sections. Crowds were at every station to witness the passing of the Apaches, which spectacle attracted people from long distances away from the railroad. The Indians were there checked off, and it was discovered that one buck was missing. How he had been able to get away was a mystery. Some months later this Indian was found near his old stamping ground, on the reservation.

The climate of Florida, to which the Apaches were taken, did not agree with them, and they were later sent to Oklahoma, where their leader Geronimo, died a few years ago. During the last year of his life he was teaching a Sunday school class, and preaching salvation to his former bloodthirsty followers. That's some reform.

Since the departure of the Apaches in 1886. Arizona has had peace, and the country thru which we tramped, suffering untold hardships is now settled and much of the former desert is now a veritable garden. Only a few years ago I rode in a pullman through a part of country which I had known as a dreadful desert in the early 80's, and now children came to the train at the stations to sell luscious fruit of all varieties grown there. What a change.

At San Carlos, I got off to look around, and noticed the transformation of the once-familiar country. An old Indian looked at me for some time, then came up and spoke to me. "I know you," he said, "you were here long time ago. You not know me? I Capt. Jack." Capt. Jack had been the leader of a band of murderous Apaches, who after killing an Indian scout, put on war paint and made a break for the mountains, and it was at that time when I came across them. Capt. Jack remembered me, but he had grown old and had changed his ways, like Geronimo.

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Reminiscences of Mrs. J. J. Greenwood

Written by Mrs. A. D. Gentry, Fort Stockton, Texas.

We left Dublin, Ireland, on the good ship Quebec in 1853, arriving at Liverpool. We remained there about two weeks when we took passage for New Orleans. It took us three months and seven days to cross the Atlantic at that time, though we had a quiet voyage with only one stormy night. One incident of the voyage stands out vividly in my memory. The word went out that a pirate ship was chasing us and there ensued the customary confusion and excitement incident to such news. Being quite a young child, about six years of age, I stayed on deck without being noticed and as the ship approached I noticed that the sailors all wore red shirts and they flew the same flag that we did so our fears were allayed. It was quite a joke among the passengers the rest of the voyage.

Another incident that I clearly recall was one night while we were at dinner there was a sudden commotion and whirring of wings and the light of the immense glass chandelier in the dining room was smashed, the glass shattering and falling everywhere. It proved to be a flock of sea birds which had been attracted by the large light.

We arrived in New Orleans at nine o'clock at night, remaining on board ship till morning. The streets of the city were brilliantly lighted by large square lamps, which were lighted by men each night. Next morning we went to the St. Chares Hotel and it was there that I saw my first negro and heard him sing "Suwanee River." While in New Orleans we went to hear the famous singer, Jenny Lind. Previous to this we had heard her in Dublin. Even as a child I was aware that I was in the presence of a great personage.

My mother fell a victim to the yellow fever scourarge which was raging in and around New Orleans and died in 1857. I was left in charge of the Reverend Thomas Bacon, an Episcopal minister.

On the 7th day of April,1857, I departed for Belton, Texas, on the boat "Swamp Fox", arriving at Galveston in the late evening. There were a number of boats anchored in harbor and I recall the names of several, "The Black Warrior," "The Magnolia," and "The Island City," the last named being the property of Capt. Wm. Hutchins, of Houston. I was placed in care of Capt. Hutchins and stayed in his home in Houston for three weeks before my relatives in Belton arrived for me. We made the journey from Houston to Belton in a buggy without accident or undue delay. It was in Belton that I saw my first biscuits and corn bread, and considered it very unpalatable.

In Belton I went to school till the outbreak of the Civil War and then I like all Southern girls, learned the art of spinning and weaving and before the close of the war I was an adept in the art, making our own hosiery by hand and even our shoes when occasion demanded that cloth shoes be worn. I assisted in making the uniforms of the first Confederate soldiers who left Belton after the war broke out. Our coffee was made of parched wheat and our cake we sweetened with honey, for there was no sugar to be had, and at times we made tea from live oak leaves. Our cotton that we used for the manufacture of clothing we obtained by the women going out and stopping the government wagons and confiscating what cotton we needed under protest from the drivers. When we had obtained all that we needed we told them to drive on. On one occasion six hundred pairs of cotton cards were shipped in to Belton by some company for sale, and the women just went down and demanded that the cards be given to them as they had to have them and had no money to pay for them. This was done though with grumbling consent.

After the close of the war I was married to J. J. Greenwood and moved to Lampassas, Texas, to make my home This was still an Indian country at that time, and though they were supposed to have been run out they made frequent and terrifying raids on the settlers. We were compelled to tie our horses up at night to prevent the Indianh from stealing them. They stole most all of our horses at different times but one horse in particular which my husband was foolish about we hated to lose. This horse he had named "Hannibal" and had been offered $500 for. One night the Indians slipped in and stole him and some one

saw them, next day three Indians on him. My husband and the pursuing party found him later in the day dead on the trail with all legs cut off.

One incident which happened about this time I will relate. My husband's brother, Columbus Greenwood, had built in his yard a small house for the accomidation of travelers who he did not wish to invite into the privacy of his home. On one occasion a traveler claimed his hospitality and he warned him to secure his horse before nightfall as the times were dangerous and the Indians likely to make a raid at any time. The traveler replied "I will make my horse doubly safe for I will tie him to the door knob," but to his amazement next morning the horse was gone. Indians were so stealthy that they could do a trick like this and the victim never be aware of their presence.

At this time most of the homes were made of logs, though our home was made of lumber. There were no windows of glass, wooden shutters taking the place of windows. We cooked on an open fire in huge iron ovens and pots and a woman needed no rouge in those days to render her complexion a carmen shade. Our lights were candles manufactured at home by first killing a beef to obtain the tallow, then rendering it and molding it, and even spinning the wicks. My mold held only six candles, which necessiated making candles very often. To make the tallow hard we used our own manufactured beeswax, making a mixture which answered every purpose. Our soap was made at home from lye which we procured from wood ashes and though it did not improve the looks of our hands, it made the clothes snowy white. At that time cotton was scarce and few people could afford pure cotton beds, so we mixed with it shucks which helped to fill up space but which was both a noisy and uncomfortable bed.

I made my husband an entire suit of clothes from cloth which I wove, half wool and half cotton, made entirely by hand, as I had no sewing machine. It was not at all a bad looking suit for that day and time and I marvel now when I look back and wonder how I did it. Our flour cost us $17.00 per barrel, and calico cost us 30 cents per yard. We had no luxuries at that time, but we did not want for the real necessities as fat beef, butter, milk, honey and vegetables were plentiful and while our homes and furniture were crude and rough we were all like one family, a neighbor was a real friend, and whatever we had we were willing to share with those less fortunate.

AFTER FIFTY-TWO YEARS.

Speaking in tones, the mellowness and strength of which were undiminished by the growing infirmities of age, Mrs. T. M. Muse, aged 78, a resident at present of McKinney, returning to Waco for the first visit after an absence of fifty-two years, answered questions asked her by a representative of the Times-Herald, regarding the startling changes which had taken place in the city during the period of her absence.

She said: "I have driven all over the city, but have not yet seen one house or building which I recognize as being here when I left. The town has changed like it was touched by a fairy. When I came here the court house was in the center of the square, and sand was so deep on the square that buggies bogged up in it. Most of the residences were grouped on South First, Second and Third streets at that time, and there were not very many of them, as Waco was at that time (1862) a very small place.

"There was no bridge over the Brazos and if any crossing was done at all, it was by fording. I remember once when the river was on a slight rise, that the water almost came over our buggy.

"When I came here it was during the civil war and very few young men were left. Perhaps on that account Waco was remarkably free from lawlessness. Hundreds of negro slaves lined the streets and cotton plantations abounded in the country surrounding the town.

Mrs. Muse came to Waco from Kentuckey, in 1861, just at the beginning of the civil war. She was at that time only fifteen years of age. She attended the old Methodist female school, which was located here for two years, but at the suggestion of the president of the school she was transferred to Baylor to complete her education in Greek under the famed specialist, Dr. Rufus C. Burleson, who grew to be one of her truest friends. She took her degree in Greek from Baylor in 1865, married a few years later, and since 1872 had never visited Waco until the present time.—Waco Times-Herald.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine.

Crockett Man is Texas "Forty-Niner"

By W. S. Adair, in Dallas Semi-Weekly News, October 21, 1924.

N. B. Barbee of Crockett, father of N. B. Barbee of Dallas, has been a resident of Houston county since 1849. "I was born in Tennessee in 1837, which makes me 87 yearsold," said Mr. Barbee. "My father, Dr. James E. Barbee, moved to Texas in 1841. He settled in Shelby county, where he figured as one of the Regulators in 1843. He went to the Mexican War as a physican and surgeon in 1846; the men in the home company agreeing to pay him each $3 a month to look after their health. This was in addition to his regular pay as an army surgeon. I was at school at Wesleyan College at San Augustine when Texas was annexed, and I well remember the ceremonies of pulling down the Lone Star flag that floated over the main buiding and of replacing it with the Stars and Stripes.

"There was next to no money in circulation in Texas in those days. A cow and calf were legal tender for $10, and it was in cows and calves that father was paid for his professional services. In the course of a few years he accumulated quite a heard of longhorn cattle, slightly mixed with better stock from the States. In 1847 there came a long dry spell, during which grass became so scarce in Shelby County that it was necessary to move the cattle. We rounded up our herds and drove them to Houston county. Finding abundant grass in the vicinity of Hall's Bluff on the Trinity River, we bought a quanity of Liverpool salt from the steamer Governor Pease, there anchored, salting the cattle and left them. The next spring we moved the family to Houston County in ox wagons. A round-up of our cattle showed that they were all there. Occasionally buyers came along and picked out some of the choice steers, for which we were glad to get $8 or $10 a head, but it was long before there was any market for stock cattle.

"Even in the days of the Republic the planters of the old Southern States, fearful of the outcome of the antislavery agitation, began to bring their negroes to Texas and to open plantations in East and Southeast Texas, and just before and during the Civil War other planters hurried their negroes to Texas to keep the Yankees from getting them. That accounts for the presence of so many negroes in East Texas today. The tools and farm implements in use in Texas in slavery times were made on the plantation. Some of the cotton produced was shipped on steamers on the Trinity River, but perhaps the bulk of it was hauled on wagons to Houston. Often the river was so low for months at a time that boats could not run. At such times, planters who had piled their cotton on the banks of the river got tired of waiting for a rain and proceeded to wagon it to Houston. Six yoke of oxen could haul a wagon with ten bales of cottom on it, and at that rate it did not take long to get a hundred bales to market. Teamsters were often many weeks on a trip to Houston, for they usually did not return till they got a home load. In the meantime they hauled from Houston to other points as far away as Waco and San Antonio. Uncle Jeff, my mother's negro teamster, would often be absent several months, but he always got back with the money which he faithfully turned over to her. He used to ride a pony and drive his oxen. He hauled eight or ten bales of cotton at a load and got $10 a bale for it. Shreveport and Jefferson were also steamboat points in those days, but the people in the country from Houston county south and west preferred Houston as a market. When we moved to Houston County there was one house at Crockett and that was built of logs and used as a general store.

"In early days the pork and bacon problem was easily solved in East Texas. The woods of the river bottoms were full of mast, and a specie of semiwild hog flourished. Those swine were razorbacks, but a great many of them weighed 200 pounds each. And there was no more exciting sport to be found than the hunting down of these same razorbacks. The dogs which were used in chasing them, seemed to get more thrills out of a hunt than did the men. They would bring the hogs to bay and hold them till the men shot them; and in case the quarry broke and scattered, it was their business to reassemble them in a bunch for another shooting, and so on till only the brood sows and pigs and

young hogs were left. Many kinds of game abounded. Deer grazed in the open spaces and bears and panthers Wolves howled at night around the court hous square in Crockett and turkeys woke you up with their gobbling every morning. Wild pigeons, which flew in clouds dense enough to hide the sun, had a roost six miles northwest of Crockett. Elisha Clapp, the greatest Indian fighter of the Southwest, who must have come to Texas in early 30s, lived ten miles southwest of Crockett, and died and was buried there during the Civil War. He was the terror of all Indians who raided that part of the country, for, riding at a gallop he could unerringly follow the faintest Indian trail. He often pursued raiding savages as far as the Tehuacana Hills. His companion, almost as noted an Indian fighter as he, was Houston Beeson. Beeson, who died soon after the close of the Civil War, was buried near his home, three miles south of Crockett. Both of these pioneers have descendants scattered over the State.

"The eerly settlers of East Texas were the best people in the world, and undesirable characters did not sojourn very long with them. When such a character appeared, Elisha Clapp or Houston Beeson, after consulting with others, would take him aside and pleasantly tell him that he had made a mistake in settling in the community, and that it would be better for all concerned if he left during the next night. There is no record that anyone thus warned failed to take the hint. Disputes, quarrels and feuds among the people were generally nipped in the bud. When it began to appear that serious trouble was brewing Elisha Clapp or Houston Beeson acting as spokesman for the better element of the people, would appear as peacemaker. They would find out what the disagreement was about, announce who was right and who wrong, and tell the disputants to get together, and in conclusion, make them shake hands. In all their public acts these two old men seemed to be the most disinterested persons in the world. All they did would bear the closest scrutiny both at the time and afterward, for they were always right. Such men were in dispensable in rough frontier life.

"I went to the Civil War as a soldier in Company E, Gould's Battalion, Walker's Division. I was in the fighting at Mansfield, La.; Jenkins' Ferry and Pleasant Hill. It was the plan of the Federals in the Louisiana campaign for the army of General Banks and the army of Gen. Steele, which were coming from different directions, to unite at Mansfield, there defeat our forces and then to burn a way through Texas to the Rio Grande and the Gulf like that burned by General Sherman on his march to the sea, and to send Texas cattle to feed the Federal armies. But they burned nothing in Texas, nor did they get behind a Texas steer. In fact, they did not so much as get a peep into the promised land. Our froces prevented them from uniting their armies at Mansfield and there defeated the army of Gen. Banks. When Gen. Banks retreated from Mansfield, Gen. Steele also sounded a retreat. One division of our men followed Gen. Banks and the other pursued Gen. Steele. I was in the latter division. Gen Steele retreated to a point near Pine Bluff, where he took up such a strong position that we did not deem it wise to attack him. We had accomplished the purpose for which Texas had mustered the last man.

"By 1855 Crockett had developed into a typical Southern county seat town with the best class of Southern people for inhabitants. But after the war, in common with the towns of the South generally, it was for a long time at a standstill. The coming of the railroad some years after the war changed the transportation system, doing away with wagons as freighters and putting the teamsters out of business, but without immediately increasing land values or bringing about better times in Houston County. Even to this good day we have no market for cattle and hogs. I said awhile ago that when we came to Texas a cow and calf were legal tender for $10. An intelligent farmer told me the other day that the beef cows of Houston County could be bought for about nine dollars a head. Fat steers are of course worth a little more than that. The same farmer said that the best offer he could get for some fat hogs he had on hand was four and a half cents on foot, but that the man making the offer seemed to be joking, since he had not come for the hogs."

Mr. Barbee was a member of the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth sessions of the Texas Legislature.

TWO HISTORIC SECTIONS

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that a very large majority of the men whose names are most conspicuous in the annals of Texas history should have been residents and many of them natives of two sections of the state—East Texas

To call even a partial roll is to name Sam Houston, J. Pinkney Henderson, whom the late Governor O. M. Roberts said was the ablest man ever in public life of Texas; George T. Wood, Louis T. Wigfall, O. M. Roberts, T. J. Jennings, W. B. Ochiltree, F. B. Sexton, Frank W. Bowden, John H. Reagan, R. B. Hubbard, James S. Hogg, Micajah H Bonner, John L. Henry, T. R. Bonner, most accomplished of parliamentarians S. W. Blount, one of the signers of the Texas Declaration of Independence, and Horace Chilton.

In that list are found five governors, four United States senators and three judges of the Supreme Court, and one one man who was governor of two states, twice president of a republic and for twelve years United States senator.

It would be difficult to duplicate such a list in any one section of any state in the Union.

When we go into Brazoria County, in South Texas, we are able to name a list of men who left in varying degrees their impress on the era in which they lived.

In that county was the home of Stephen F. Austin, whose name is woven in imperishable colors in the very warp and woof of Texas History, and whose far reaching vision, courage and unselfish patriotism were coupled with shrinking modesty and stainless purity.

The late Guy M. Bryan, his nephew, was reared in that county and was twice a member of congress and twice a speaker of the house of representatives of Texas. The Bryan and Perry families settled in that county at an early day and have always been honorably associated with its history.

The list continued includes Thomas M. Jack, the knightly gentleman, able lawyer and gallant soldier, and Andrew P. McCormic and James H. Bell, the first of whom died as a member of a federal court, and the second occupied a place on the supreme bench of Texas.

Both were natives of Brazoria County. There lived there, too, and were partners in the practice of law, John W. Harris, who was the first attorney general of the state, and Elisha M. Pease, who was twice governor of Texas.

There also lived there General Joseph Bates, whose garb of black broadcloth, his massive head of snow-white hair and his towering and gigantic form made him conspicious in every assembly. He had served in the legislature of Alabama while a citizen of that state.

John A. Wharton, who fought at the battle of San Jacinto, lived in Brazoria County, and his son, John A. Wharton, the gallant commander of Confederate cavalry, was born there.

The Masterson family, with perhaps the exception of Thomas G. Masterson, the father ,were natives of Brazoria County. Two sons filled the position of county judge of Brazoria County, and the son of one of the two filled the same position. James R. Masterson was for about twelve years judge of the district court of Harris county, and later his nephew was the efficient judge of the Fifty-Fifth district court of the same county. rBanch T. Masterson, another son of Thmas C. Masterson, was one of the most capable land lawyers in Texas, and a man as modest as he was capable. Such a record of judicial service in one family has rarely, if ever, been paralelled.

The first congress of the Republic of Texas was held in Brazoria County, and some of the most important legislation of the new republic was enacted in that county.

In all ages of the world men have instinctively associated with great men and great events the places at which those events transpired, and thpse men played their parts, and it is most meet and fit that the memory of men and the events associated with the romantic history of Texas should be kept alive in the minds of the people, who are so greatly debtors to those who worthily strove and served, and have passed on.—Houston Chronicle

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The Haunted House on Red River

W. E. Payne, in Houston Chronicle, April 21, 1912.

In the spring of 1880, with my family, a young man named Larkin, his mother and sister, I moved to the Chickasaw Nation and leased a farm in Red River bottom, about 12 miles from Denison. The place of which I speak was renowned, if not historical. It had for many years been the domicile of old Dock Carter, an old time annuity captain for the Chickasaws, who a few years previous to the time of which I speak, had died in the city of Washington, while on an embassy to that place for the Chickasaw Nation. When he departed for Washington with his family, the house was left unoccupied and had so remained even till the time of our coming.

When we took possession of the place, to our great wonder, the house was filled with beds, trunks, costly mirrors, and bookcases filled with works of standard English and American authors. Everything seemed to be disposed very much as when the place had been abandoned by Dock Carter and his family. Here was a fortnight's riddle to solve. Why had the furnishings of that house remained all those years intact, exposed to the greed and avarice of all comers? Do what we could, think as we might, for many days the mystery became more profound. As time went by, we were slowly advised that the place was haunted by the spirit of old Dock Carter, which kept nightly vigils over the sacred precincts of his old home. The Indians for miles around held the place in mortal dread. They told all sorts of fabrications of spectres, ghosts and ghouls, which had been seen by every belated traveler who had passed that way for a great while. Through superstitious fear, the Indians had conjured up the notion that Dock Carter could be seen in all sorts of fantastic forms and guises.

Very many, too, were the recitals of both deluded whites and Indians that lights were often visible in the house at night, horses were frequently seen hitched in the yard or lot, and voices and unearthly groans were often heard in the open hallway. Blood stains were visible on the floor of several rooms, of which some were so bold as to say they were the blood stains of sundry persons who had been murdered in the house and buried under the ample hearthstone.

That there were some grounds for all the exagerated recitals we all realized, but what the real ghost had been, for a long time we were unable to determine. However, as time passed we became fully convinced that the weird sights and sounds around the place had arisen from the fact that the deserted house had long been the rendezvous of a band of horse thieves or the retreat of yeggmen and robbers. As time went by and old Dock Carter did not put in an appearance, a degree of reassurance possessed the ladies and altogether a very happy and prosperous year passed away. We saw no ghosts, heard no fiendish yells and were never disturbed by the band of horse thieves we suspected to visiting the place.

From the days of the earliest settlements in the northern portion of Grayson county, the peninsula shaped point of land between Choctaw and Red River had borne the euphonious name of "Thief Neck" from the inherently perverse character of the first families. At the time of which I write two "scions" of those pioneers, Lee Langford and his cousin, Thede De Graffenreid were notorious outlaws along the line of Texas and the Indian Territory, with headquarters near their old home in Thief Neck.

I remained in the Chickasaw Nation till the first days of 1881. At that time I left young Larkin and his mother on the old Dock Carter place and moved into Texas, stopping for the year at Wolf City.

During the spring of 1881, early one morning a prepossessing young man rode up to the gate of the old Carter residence and accosted a neighbor named Henry, who was a farm hand employed by young Larkin. He was leading a fine young horse, which he said he wanted to leave with the negro till he should return from a short trip into the Chocktaw Nation. The pay being to the negro's satisfaction, the man rode away leaving the horse in Henry's care. When young Larkin came out and saw told of the matter he realized that a stolen horse had been left on Henry's

hands. Acting upon his first impulse, he carried the horse to Carpenters Bluff, two miles distant, on the Texas side of the river and telling the men of that place of the circumstances, he was advised that the horse had been stolen, and from the description of the stranger every one said he was Lee Langford.

Upon the advice of the business men of the place a notice was inserted in the Denison papers, with the hope of finding the owner. But days lengthened into weeks and weeks into months without one whisper from the owner of the horse or the thief who had left the animal with the negro, Henry.

Young Larkin was cautioned by every one to be on guard constantly, for, sooner or later, Langford and De Graffenreid would make a desperate effort to take the horse. Accordingly the animal at night was carried into the yard and locked to a large catawba tree at the window of the bedroom of young Larkin.

At that time I returned to the nation and stopped with Larkin and his mother in the old Carter house. Shortly after my return to the territory rumors were afloat that a band of horse thieves had come into the country, and were at that time encamped in a dense cedar brake near the farm of Colonel Lem Reynolds, a wealthy and prominent Chickasaw.

About ten days after that time I was under the necessity of going to Denison on business. I remained over night in the city. Late at night I met a man from the Nation who admonished me for being away from home at night and said that I had met Choctaw Bell as I came to Denison and had been recognized by him; that he did not harbor a doubt but that the band had already raided the place and carried away the horse and perhaps slain Larkin and the negro Henry.

About 3 o'clock the following morning I set out home and arrived at the ferry on the river at sunrise. When I reached that place I was told that the Dock Carter place had been raided by Lee Langford and his band and that young Larkin and a band of citizens from the Texas side of the river had had gone in pursuit of the gang.

Some time after midnight Lee Langford and his band had gone to the Carter place. Two with Winchesters in hand had gone to the rear of the hallway, two to the front of the door, while the fifth man, Meek Stephens, had boldly entered the hall and knocking on the door of Larkins' room, called on him to come to the door. Half asleep and thinking that it was I, just returning from Denison, the young man arose from the bed and staggered into the hall clad only in his night clothes. When he reached the hall he was covered with five guns in the hands of desperate and vindictive men. The leader ordered him to unlock the horse at once, and to faciliate his sluggish motions he was punched a number of times with the gun in the hands of his captors.

Having forced young Larkin to unl lock the horse, the band mounted their horses and rode away, taking the old Fort Smith trail. Before leaving, however, the leader of the party in derision and contempt paid Larkin for the notice inserted in the newspapers and very plainly warned him not to stand in their way in the future.

As soon as the band left young Larkin rode with all speed to Carpenter's Bluff, aroused the little village and told the inhabitants of the attack. Within an hour some twelve or fifteen men, heavily armed and well mounted, crossed Red River and gave chase to the retreating band. The posse had been gone from the ferry about an hour when I arrived on the ground.

The news had traveled rapidly and soon there were scores of Indians on the ground ready to follow any leader in pursuit of the horse thieves. John Mashburn, a white man who had an Indian wife, was at that time sheriff of Panola County. When he reached Carpenter's Bluff he proceeded to select a posse of ten or twelve Indians and myself to go in pursuit of the outlaws.

The party of whites never succeeded in finding the trail of the fugitives, but crossed the bayou, the line between the Chickasaw and the Chocktaw nation, entirely above the trail taken by Langford and his band, and continued the journey two days travel into the Choctaw nation without coming in contact with the thieves.

Early in the morning our party struck the trail of the band, leading between the bayou on one side and the river on the other. During the entire morning we followed the trail through the long prairie grass. As the noon hour ap-

proached we had reached a narrow nook of land covered with wild collards and sumac, lying between the creek and the river, about one mile from the confluence of the streams. Just as our party came around a grove of blackjacks and dwarf oaks we saw the band in a grove of trees busily engaged in preparing dinner. When Langford and his band saw us they caught up their guns and hastily took protection behind trees near their campfire. Realizing our danger, as if by a common impulse, our party left the horses and also ensconced ourselves behind small trees near us. Even before we reached the shelter of the trees we were greeted with a discharge of Winchester balls passing alarmingly near our heads. In less time than it takes to relate it the battle was on in earnest.

An arm, a hand, a foot or leg exposed for a fraction of a second was greeted with dozens of leaden missiles. During the fusillade I managed to empty my gun, the magazines of which carried sixteen cartridges. John Mashburn, Bud Kemp, Jim McLaughlin and Dave Kemp were busy with both guns and pistols.

Jim McLaughlin was a full-blood Choctaw. Having become desperate from the persistent firing of Langford and his band, he boldly stepped from the shelter of the tree and defied Lee Langford to single combat. At that that moment Langford stepped from cover and discharged both barrels of a shotgun charged with heavy shot at the Choctaw.

Although the distance was more than 100 paces, one of the shot found lodgement in young McLaughlin's thigh. With an oath he fell and was unable to regain his feet. At that moment the entire band of thieves gave up their positions and fled precipitately to a deep ravine in the rear of their position some 10 or 12 rods. In the fight Langford's arm was broken by a Winchester ball. Wilbur was wounded in the hand. Mack Stephens was shot twice in one leg, above the knee. Choctaw Bell was shot in the back and Thede De Graffenreid escaped unhurt.

Following in hot pursuit, we reached the ravine after the fugitives had concealed themselves in the woods. Every horse and every man had escaped. After searching in vain for men and horses we returned to the battle ground. We found McLaughin able to ride home. After making a meal at the camp of the renegades we returned home.

When the Langford band reached the bushes they found that their horses had already retreated to the woods. Bell was desperately wounded. Realizing that his only hope lay in reaching a surgeon, he mounted the horse taken the night before from Larkin and made a reckless dash to go to Durant. When within a short distance of that place he reached an Indian's hut, where he died during the day. Mack Stephens and Wilbur lay concealed till the next day. A wagon loaded with lumber passing by on the way to Big Blue carried them away. In a short time Stephens was killed by a negro in Creek Nation. Thede DeGraffenreid made his way on foot to friends in Choctaw Nation, near Walnut Grove. He never returned to the Chickasaw Nation, nor to the sacred precincts of Thief Neck again.

Lee Langford was desperately wounded. He lay concealed in the thick growth of brushwood till late in the afternoon. Realizing that he must have human aid or die, he staggered to his feet and set out in quest of some human habitation. He had not gone far when he was picked up by a white man named Dodd, who had a Chocktaw family, and carried to his house and such aid as they could give was extended to him.

As stated above, the party of which young Larkin was a member went two days journey down Red Rivet into the Choctaw Nation. On the third or fourth day, as they were returning, the men from Carpenter's Bluff stopped at Dodd's house. Upon learning who they were Dodd told the party that he had six or eight fine horses claimed by the thieves in his pasture and that Lee Langford was at that time in Dodd's house, wounded and well nigh dead.

Larkin and his party took possession of both Langford and the horses. Langford, notwithstanding the severity of his wound, was placed upon a horse and made to accompany the party from Carpenter's Bluff on the journey home.

When the captors reached home Lee Langford was given into the hands of the sheriff of Grayson County and incarcerated in Sherman jail. The wound proved so severe that it was necessary

(Continued on Page 31)

Old Timer Tells of Rip-Roaring Days

George D. Dacy in Dearborn Independent.

In the days when Arizona and New Mexico were the practie grounds for ranching, prospecting, stock-running and outlawry, two important articles were found among the equipment of most every horseman who rode the plains and highlands.

A well-oiled six-shooter strapped in a holster to the belt of the cowman, rancher or prospector was his chief means of defense against human enemies. A rope of about thirty feet made of horse and cow hair was carried coiled on his saddle and used as a lariat and source of protection against rattlesnakes at night.

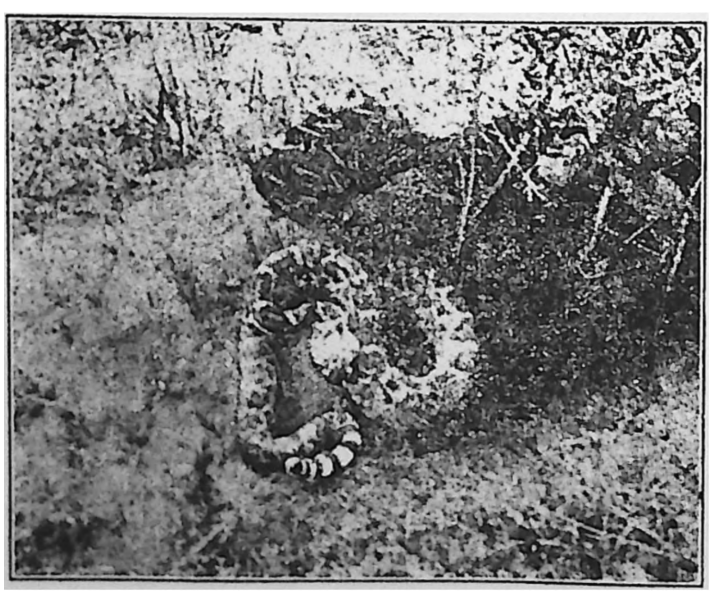
Now do not make the mistake and think that the homespun lariat was used for lassoing poisonous snakes, for it has been but rarely that a rope has been devoted to such a purpose in the West. A centuryold tradition of the range country is the belief that one of these hair ropes looped around the spot where the westerner sleeps rolled in his blankets is an efficent safeguard againsst rattlesnakes.

Thousands and thousands of cowboys, packers, trailers, trappers, Indian scouts and soldiers have availed themselves of this precaution during the countless nights that they have slept stretched out of the ground with the stars in the sky as the illuminators of their outdoor bedchambers. The supposition has been that the rattlesnake would never pass over a hair rope. Like the origin of many another superstition, the birthplace of this one has never been found.

Will C. Barnes, of Washington, who has charge of the grazing of 10,000,000 head of livestock on the 110,000,000 acres of range in our national forests, is the first man to test out and disprove this theory. This man Barnes at one time or another experienced every thrill and danger which the Far West has to offer. Forty four years ago he was military telegraph operator at Fort Apache in the heart of the most dangerous Indian territory in Arizona. Soldier Barnes was awarded the Congressional medal of honor for running the Indian lines on one hazardous occasion and bringing back succor to the garrison which was surrounded by bloodthirsty savages.

Thereafter, Barnes served as a cowboy and made the mighty leap from cowpuncher to wealthy rancher. His 7,000 head of cattle ranged a territory of 200 square miles. He served in the Arizona state legislature for one term. A terrible drouth ruined his herd and the influx of sheep ranchers forced Barnes to migrate to New Mexico. In those days, New Mexico was the wildest and wooliest part of our western frontier. The territory was the dumping grounds for outlaws and outcasts of civilization. The Texas Rangers drove the riff-raff out of the Lone Star State into New Mexico. The sheriffs in Arizona chased their criminals and bandits over the state line. It was under these turbulent conditions of hell-roaring ranch life that Barnes lived, won success and was elevated to the position of assemblyman in the New Mexico legislature.

Will Barnes was once a member of a posse that pursued some of the most des-



Deadly Diamond Back Rattler.

perate gangsters of the notorious "Al" Jennings band. On this search for four hours one day an outlaw kept his rifle pointed at Barnes' heart; waiting for the rancher to step over a certain mark. Barnes knew nothing of the hidden cave in which the criminals were concealed. He passed close to their ambush but did not step over the imaginary line which the leader of the gang had specified. That was the closest call to death which Barnes ever experienced. It was not until years after when the outlaws were finally rounded up that Barnes learned of the unseen danger that had threatened him.

It was while living in Arizona that Will Barnes, well acquainted with the friendly Hopi, Navajo and Apache Indians of that region, opened an extraordinary curio shop. He specialized in the sale of Indian basketry, blankets, moccasins, and other art work. One day an Indian brought in a couple of rattlesnakes. Barnes had no use for the reptiles, but being afraid to offend the red man he finally purchased the rattlers at twenty-five cents apiece. This Indian told all his friends about the sale. Soon Barnes was overrun with rattlers. He was literally forced into the rattlesnake business as a side line.

There was but one possible outlet for the profitable marketing of the dangerous reptiles—to advertise in some magazine in the east. That is what Barnes did. As a result, he sold thousands of rattlesnakes to scientists and showmen in all parts of America and in most foreign countries. He capitalized on a novel opportunity and made a successful go of the snake-selling enterprise. In time he added Gila monsters to his market menagerie. It was seldom that the Barnes store had less than a dozen Gila monsters and a half-hundred adult rattlers on hand.

A half-dozen of the largest and finest rattlers were displayed in a glass case in front of the store, the balance of the reptiles being kept out of sight in secure cages. Will Barnes latterly told the writer about a Frenchman, an amateur naturalist and scientist, who came regularly to the shop. The Frenchman visited the Hopi Indian Reservation during their celebrated snake-dance ceremonies and there carefully studied the methods which the redskins used in handling and charming the snakes.

The foreigner finally returned to Phoenix and subsequently boasted that he could handle the rattlesnakes as expertly as any of the Indians. At that time, Mr. Barnes had a Diamond Back rattler, six feet long and four inches in diameter at the "waist," on display in the glass cage. This variety is the most surly and savage of all rattlers. One day the Frenchman, using a special snake remover which Mr. Barnes had devised, lifted the snake from the box despite the protests of the bystanders and owner of the store.

The would-be snake expert laid the great reptile on the floor and teased it until it struck savagely and threw itself forward about half its full length. The Frenchman caught the snake by the back of its head as it lay extended and lifted it from the ground exactly as the Hopi Indians would have done. The infuriated snake made a din with its rattles and writhed and coiled its body about like mad. Finally, it wrapped several coils around the man's arm and secured purchase enough so that it could again strike despite the fact that he held its head as tightly as he was able. The fangs penetrated the man's hand between the thumb and forefinger. A tourniquet was quickly twisted around the Frenchman's wrist, the fang of the snake was removed from his hand with a knife; the wound was thoroughly slashed and sucked to extract the poison. Two doctors were summoned at once and did all possible for the victim. Their efforts were of no avail and within a day the man died after suffering terrible agony. Mr. Barnes also told me of another instance where a Phoenix lawyer, while visiting a famous Arizona hot springs, slept in a primitive adobe hut. He jumped out of bed one morning—and stepped on a "horned" or "side-winder" rattler coiled on a rug. The snake bit the lawyer in the instep and despite every effort of medical science to save him, the victim died within eight hours.

G. W. James, author and explorer, came to Phoenix one time expressly to study the rattlesnakes which Mr. Barnes then had on hand. He was experimenting to develop an efficient antidote for rattlesnake poison. Finally, Mr. Barnes consented to allow the scientist to extract some poison from the reptiles. The snake owner tells what followed:

"Mr. James grabbed an active Diamond Back rattler five and one-half feet in length from the cage. The snake showed fight. It opened its mouth to the uttermost extent, the jaws almost at

right angles to the body, the ugly fangs unhinged and erect, the enveloping sheath slowly receding from them. Meantime, the snake apparently was slipping slightly through the scientist's thumb and finger which encircled its head. Suddenly, with lightning-like rapidity, the rattler gave its head a peculiar twist which threw the upper jaw into such a position as to allow it to make a sideswipe at the lower part of Mr. James' thumb. Only one fang touched the flesh but so strong was the stroke that the needle-like weapon tore a sliding gash an inch long and three-quarters of an inch deep in the member.

"James did not lose his nerve but retained his tight grip on the snake's head which he manipulated in such a manner as to enable him to secure one-half a teaspoonful of poison from one fang. This poison he placed in a tiny vial. His thumb and wrist were drenched with the poison but he showed the spectators that it had come entirely from the fang that caused the wound. He pried the snake's mouth open and pointed to the empty poison sack on the one side and the full on the other. Previously the common belief had been that the ejection of the poison had been involuntary so far as the rattler was concerned—that every time the rattler struck and sank its fangs the poison streamed into the wound. Scientist James contends, however, that the snake absolutely controls the ejection of poison.

"Wounded though he was, the scientist in James was stronger than the fear of a fatal result. It was not until he finished his scientific inspection that he tossed aside the rattler and submitted to having the wound dressed. A tourniquet was placed at the elbow. Liberal applications of permanganate of potash and very hot water were then flooded over the wound. Bluish discoloration soon set in accompanied by terrific pains and soreness. For several days James was very ill and it was two months before he regained full use of his hand and arm. The after-results were singular. For the next eighteen months James stomach swelled and solidified every sixty to ninety days. For several days the scientist would suffer great agony and then the pain would cease. It was only after taking a course of mud baths at a famous mud springs that the attacks ceased."

There is a case on record in Arizona where a rattler bit a Mexican boy. The lad lost his power of speech as a result. Each year on the date of the original bite, he would wander away to the desert where he would play with bugs, toads and lizards. For a day or so the boy seemed to lose his mind and forget all humanity. It is quite likely while in his subnormal condition he handled and played with dangerous snakes.

Mr. Barnes' familiarity with rattlesnakes has made his an amateur authority on those reptiles. He says that the fangs of the rattlers are sharp as needles and are hollow. The poison is forced from the storage sac through the thread-like opening into the wound made by the fang. Doctor S. Weir Mitchell, an eminent expert on rattlers, reports that the snakes usually carry eight to ten reserve fangs. The hiss of the rattler is caused by the air expelled from its body toward its victim. Like flies, rattlesnakes are viviparous and bring forth their young alive. The first button or rattle is present when the snake is born. Captive rattlesnakes at the age of sixteen months have been found to have six rattles. Subsequently, one or two rattles fall off each time the snake sheds its skin. They are easily injured or broken from the body. The rattles bear no relation whatsoever to the age of the snake.

J. B. Milam of Dripping Springs, Texas, has in his possession a fine old gun which belonged to his great uncle, Ben Milam, the hero of San Antonio. The old gun was made 94 years ago, but it is still in excellent condition and shoots accurately. It is a splendid piece of workmanship, is mounted with silver ornaments of elaborate design. Masonic emblems being conspicious among these ornaments. The genuineness of the Ben Milam possession can easily be proven, as the gun has been in the family ever since Old Ben Milam was killed in San Antonio, alleges the present owner. It is a valuable relic and should be placed in some of our state museums. Mr. Milam says he might induced to part with the old gun for a certain consideration.

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Early Courtship and Marriage in Texas

The following was written by Newton C. Duncan of Wheelock, Texas, and was read at the meeting of the Old Settlers' Association of Bell county in November, 1904:

In 1837, after the Mexican war, our land office reopened, having been closed during the war. Congress met and enacted a law granting to every man who was the head of a family, and who had an honorable discharge from the army, a league of land. But this condition was to last for only a short time.

To give a correct idea of courtship at that time, and of marriage also, I must have a beginning corner. In most cases the engagements were made at the cow pen gate. Many of the men lived in camp, and being bashful, did not have the courage to visit the girls at the houses, but went instead to the cowpen where they would find the girls milking.

Of course after the law giving land to married men was passed, every man, young and old, who did not have a wife started out in search of one. Soon all the girls were either married or engaged, some marrying as young as twelve years of age. One young man, whom we will call Sam, came in from army rather late, and like all the others, started out to hunt a wife, but all his girl friends were either engaged or married except one, a widow, Mrs. Sikes. Later he found a girl named Lizzie who was, he decided, to be preferred to Mrs. Sikes, so one morning he started out courting and found Lizzie at the cow pen. He rode up, said "good morning" and dismounted, Lizzie shutting the gate on him and compelled him to stand on the outside. He told her he had come on important business and wanted to talk to her, offering her all the inducements he could to marry him, telling her about the land they would get. But she did not give him much encouragement, saying she too had urgent business, that of milking about thirty cows, so they could have a cheese to cut by Thursday. (This meant a dance and general good time in those days.) Sam urged his case and told her there was no one left except the widow and herself.

"Well, why didn't you take the widder, Sam?" asked Lizzie.

"Wa'al I had some serious objections," said Sam.

"What are they?" inquired Lizzie.

"Wa'al, I found on close examination she had lost an eye; then she's red-headed, roman-nosed, and worse than all, she smokes a gourd-neck pipe that will hold half a plug of tobacco, and I have always had a horror of being burnt."

"Sam," said Lizzie, "your judgement's good on that. An' I've been thinking something about getting married an' I reckon I had just as well begin talking about it now as any time. But before I make you any promises, you've got to make me three premises; first, that you won't drink whiskey; second, that you won't gamble, and last that you won't ride a pitching horse."

"Wa'al," said Sam, "to the two first I can easily promise, but as to the last I don't know sowell. I've already promised Major Golden to catch some buffalo calves for him next spring, and mighty nigh all his horses pitch."

When Lizzie reached the house she discussed the matter with the old folks and got their consent to he marriage. Then Sam was called in and they set the wedding day, agreeing on Thursday, the day for the cheese cutting, as the guests were already invited. Ladies must have been held in higher esteem then than now judging from the cost of marrying, as it took ten dollars then to get married. This couple was to be married by the first county judge of Robertson county, Massilon Farley, and the question now with Sam was how he could raise that ten dollars. He went to the judge and asked him if he would accept an order on a country store nearby. The judge said "yes that would do;" so then Sam went to the merchant to make some arrangement with him to pay this order, and the merchant finally agreed to take deer hides, and if he could not kill enough deer a few coon skins to finish out. So all Sam's friends rallied to help him kill his necessary number of deer and coons. When the skins were carried in there was lacking one in number, but one of the crowd had carried an opossum skin, and having on a coonskin cap, he cut the tail off his cap, fastened it to the 'possum skin, and this went in for change. This seemed to be satisfactory to the merchant, so Sam got his order and carried it to the judge. The marriage took place at the appointed time.

The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

SECOND INSTALLMENT

A day or so after our return to Quintana, the officer in command of the Invincible was instructed to take our company on board and to sail immediately for Copano, on Aransas bay, where we were to disembark and march from thence to Goliad. It was rumored that a considerable force had already been concentrated at that point, under the command of Col. J. W. Fannin, destined for the invasion of the border states of Mexico, and of course we surmised that our company would form a part of the invading army.

We set sail about dark, and a brisk norther springing up, by daylight the next morning we were in sight of Aransas Pass, which we shortly entered without difficulty, and cast anchor in a secure harbor behind the southwest point of Matagorda island. This harbor has been, in times past, a rendezvous for the vessels of the famous pirate, Lafitte, On the island the embarkments around his old camping grounds or fortifications were still visible, and along the beach were many posts yet standing with iron rings affixed to them, which undoubtedly had been used for securing the small boats that plied between the vessels and the shore. "The pass" was known then only to Lafitte and his followers, and here in security they could repair their vessels, supply them with wood and water, and divide among themselves the spoills of their piratical expeditions. On the east end of Galveston Island they had a similar place of rendezvous, near where the city now stands, and the remains of their fortifications could be plainly seen when I first landed on the island, in 1837. A few years ago while excavating sand near these old fortifications some workmen found a considerable amount of old Spanish coin, buried no doubt by some pirate on the eve of his departure upon some marauding expedition, from which probably he never returned.

We remained on the island several days, passing the time very pleasantly hunting and fishing, and gathering oysters, which were abundant in the bay, and when we embarked on board of a small vessel for Copano, which at that time was the principal port of Southwest Texas. In a few hours we reached the port, and landing, we pitched our tents on the bluff just back of it. Here we found a company of Texas Rangers who had been on frontier service for six months during all of which time they had not seen a morsel of bread. They had subsisted solely on beef and the game they killed We gave them a part of the "hard tack" we had brought with us, and though worm-eaten and musty, they devoured it with as keen a relish as if it had been the choicest dellicacy. Although they had had no bread for so long a time, they were healthy and in "good order," which convinces me that Byron was right in saying that man was a carniverous animal, and would bear vegetables "only in a grumbling way" —especially beans.

From Copano (which consisted mainly of a warehouse and a large tank of fresh water) we took up the line of march for Refugio, distant about twenty miles. It is situated on a little stream called Mission River, near the banks of which we pitched our tents, just before sunset. Refugio at that time contained about two dozen adobe huts (inhabited by a mixed population of Irish and Mexicans), and an old, dilapidated church, built, I was told, the same year that Philadelphia was founded. A few months subsequently Refugio was the scene of a hard fought battle between thirty-five Americans under Capt. King, and a large body of Mexican cavalry.

The old church, where King and his men defended themselves for some time against a host of Mexicans, when I last saw it, still showed evidence of the severity of the conflict in its battered walls and its roof perforated with shot from the Mexican artillery.

Observing a number of fat cows in the vicinity of the village, I concluded to go out and forage for a little of the "lacteal fluid," of which we had not had a drop since leaving Kentucky. So taking a camp kettle in my hand I went to the nearest house and inquired of a woman standing at the door, if she had any milk for sale. "Faith, and I have," said she "any kind you may want,

swate milk, butter milk, clabber milk and blue john." I told her I would take some of the "swate," whereupon she led me to a small out-house, in which were a number of pans filled with milk. Selecting one containing the "swate," she rolled up her sleeves and deliberately proceeded to skim it with her hand, which looked to me to have been unacquainted with soap and water for some time past When she had finished skimming the milk in this primitive fashion, she poured the contents of the pan into my camp kettle, at the same time saying, "There my little mon, there's a pan of milk for yez that's fit for the Pope of Room, Heaven protect His Holin ss." I said nothing, though like the owl I did a good deal of thinking, paid for the milk and returned to the camp, where my hungry messmates speedily emptied the kettle wondering that I took coffee in preference to nice new milk. I told them of the skimming process I had witnessed, but men in camp are not usually very "squeamish," and they merely said "that what would not poison would fatten;" that they had to "eat their peck of dirt anyhow," and the sooner they got through with the job the better.

The next morning we continued our march for Goliad, about thirty miles distant, but as we got a late start we only made twenty miles or so by sunset, and pitched camp near a pool of fresh water, under the shelter of some spreading oak trees. Here we found encamped a band of the Caranchua tribe of Indians, at that time professing to be friendly to the Americans. We were told that these Indians were cannibals, that they always devoured the prisoners they took in their conflicts with their enemies. They were the largest Indians I have ever seen, scarcely a man among them being less than six feet high, and many of them over six feet. The men were entirely naked, saving a breech cloth fastened around the waist, and being hideously painted, one can readily imagine that they presented a most ferocious and savage appearance. Their language was the most peculiar jargon of gutteral sounds I ever heard, the words seeming to be articulated by some spasmodic action of the throat without any aid from the tongue or lips. They were armed with long lances, bows and arrows, and a few with old flint-lock muskets.

These Indians some time afterwards captured several Americans and killed and "barbecued" them, which so enraged the settlers that they organized an expedition against them and succeeded in exterminating the whole tribe with the exception of a small remnant that fled to Mexico. These Caranchuas, I believe, were the only Indians known to be cannibals, on the North American continent.

Along the whole route from Copano to where we were encamped, we had seen great numbers of deer, sometimes as many as two or three hundred in a drove, and so unused to being hunted or disturbed by man, that even when we approached within a few yards of them they showed no signs of fear. Of course we had no difficulty in getting fresh meat whenever we wanted it. Once, too, at the distance of a half mile we saw a large drove of mustangs, but they were much wilder than the deer, for when several of us attempted to approach them, they circled around us out of range of our rifles, every now and then stopping a moment, stamping and snorting, until at last one of them that seemed to be the leader of the drove, started off at full speed, the rest following, in a short time nothing but a cloud of dust indicated the direction they had taken. Some years subsequent to this, a company of rangers to which I belonged, when in pursuit of Indians in the country between the Nueces and Rio Grande rivers, met with a drove of mustangs so large that it took us fully an hour to pass it, although they were traveling at a rapid rate in a direction nearly opposite to the one we were going. As far as the eye could extend on a dead level prairie, nothing was visible but a dense mass of horses, and the trampling of their hoofs sounded like the roar of the surf on a rocky coast. Most persons probably would be inclined to doubt this "horse story", and consider it one to be told to the "horse marines" alone; yet it is literally true, and many are still living who were with me at the time, who can testify that my statement is in no manner exaggerated.

During the night a norther came up, but as we were well proteeted by thick timber, which afforded plenty of fuel for our fires, we managed to keep pretty comfortable. These "northers", as they are called in Texas, are winds that spring up suddenly from the North, during the

winter season, sometimes "dry," at other times accompanied with rain or sleet. At first they blow with considerable violence, but gradually subside in the course of two or three days, and are followed usually by a week or so of clear pleasant weather. To travelers unprepared to them they are very disagreeable visitants, and instances have been known of persons freezing to death in them when caught out in the open prairies where there was no shelter. from the wind nor means of making a fire.

Early the next morning we took the road for Goliad again,, nd in the course of three or four hours we came in sight of the dome of the old mission. Not long afterwards we entered the town and took up quarters in an empty stone building near the old church. Here we found about four hundred men under the command of Colonel J. W. Fannin, the force with which it was destined to invade the border States of Mexico.

Goliad, at the time we arrived there, contained a population of about two thousand Mexicans who were profesedly friendly to the Texans, but who afterwards, when Santa Anna invaded the country, proved to be their most vindicative foes. I must, however, make an exception in favor of the "Senoritas," who generally preferred the blue-eyed, fair complectioned young saxons to their copper-colored beaux.

The lands around the place are rich and productive, and the locality (though we did not find it so) is a healthy one. Thousands of fat beeves roamed the the prairies in its vicinity, and as corn could be had in abundance upon the neighboring ranches, we were well supplied with provisions. Besides, when the Texans took possession of the place, several months previous to our arrival, a large amount of sugar and coffee was found in the Mexican commissary department, which, of course, we did not scruple to appropriate to our own use.

In order to render his little force as effective as possible, when the time for action should come, Colonel Fannin ordered daily drills, which were my detestation and from which I invariably absented myself whenever I had a pretext for doing so. I greatly preferred hunting deer on the prairie and attending the "fandangos" or dances that took place daily and nightly in one part of the town or the other.

But few events occurred to vary the daily routine of our life at Goliad. The following, however, I will mention: Our company was detailed on one occasion to go to San Patricio, an Irish settlement about fifty miles southwest from Goliad, for the purpose of securing a couple of field pieces left there by the Mexicans. This we accomplished without difficulty, and without any opposition, although our scouts informed Colonel Fannin that a considerable force of Mexican guerillas was in the vicinity of the place.

On another occasion our company was detailed to march to Carlos Ranch, a Mexican village about twenty miles below Goliad, with instructions to arrest certain of the inhabitants, who, it was ascertained, were constantly transmitting intelligence of our movements to Santa Anna, and among the number was the old padre or priest of the village. In order that the Mexicans might not suspect our object and frustrate our plans by giving the padre and his friends timely warning of our intentions, we left the town quietly after dark in the opposite direction to the one we designed taking. When safe beyond observation, we turned our course down the river, and making a forced march, we reached the village a little before daylight and surrounded it without alarming any of the inhabitants. A detachment then entered the padre's house, and caught the bird in his nest, together with five or six other suspicious characters (supposed to be his couriers, as in fact they were), and the whole of them were "bagged" without alarming any of the people in the village. Having thus accomplished our object we marched to a point on the river about a quarter of a mile above, where we halted in a grove to rest and prepare something for breakfeast. Placing a guard over the padre and his couriers, we stacked our guns and soon every one was busily engaged in cooking such "grub" as we had in our knapsacks. By this time the sun had risen, and we were just seating ourselves on the grass around the scanty fare we had prepared for our breakfast (consisting of hard tack, jerked beef and the inevitable coffee), when our attention was drawn to shrieks and doleful cries in the direction of the village, and seeing a crowd of people coming from it towards us, we hastily sprang to our guns, thinking the Mexicans were about

to make an attempt to rescue the prisoners, but as the crowd drew nearer, we saw that it was composed mostly of women and children. It seems that they had just found out that we had captured their Reverend padre, and they were coming to bid him farewell and obtain his parting blessing.

I had heard that the Mexicans were completely under the control of their priests, but I had but a faint conception of the fact until I witnessed the scene that ensued. As they came up the women knelt at his feet, weeping and mourning, and kissed his hand and even the hem of his priestly robes. Presently another crowd of women came from the village, bringing with them plates filled with hot "tortillas," pots of coffee, "dulces," etc., intended for the padre's breakfast, and that of the other prisoners, and when they deposited them on the grass before them we took possession of them as the "legitimate spoils of war" and found they were much better than our course of hard tack and dried beef. Such conduct on our part, I admit, bordered closely on the "sacrilegious," but then you must remember we had been marching all night and of course were very hungry—and as the Mexicans said themselves, "what better could you expect from 'Gringos' and heretics."

Seeing that the Rev. padre would have but little chance to get his breakfast until we had ours, the women continued to bring in fresh supplies of eatables as fast as we disposed of them. Finally however, when our hunger was appeased, the Rev. padre and his couriers had a show at what was left.

In the vicinity of the place where we had halted, we noticed a large "corral" in which several hundred head of mustangs were penned. We were tired of "trudging" on foot, and concluded we would "press into service (a military term for appropriating property belonging to others), a sufficient number of these mustangs to mount the whole company. Accordingly we compelled the Mexicans to rope and equip with saddles and bridles about fifty of them. We were all I suppose pretty good horsemen, as the term is understood in the "old States," but we knew that these mustangs were only partially broken to the saddle, and we anticipated having some fun when we mounted them—though nothing like as much as we really got, for at the time, we were totally ignorant of that peculiar trick of mustangs called "pitching," by which they manage almost invariably to get rid of a "green" rider. When the mustangs with considerable difficulty, after roping them closely to trees, had all been saddled and bridled, at the word of command, we mounted (except five or six who failed to do so) and the next instant a scene of horses kicking, rearing and plunging ensued, of which only a confused recollection remained upon my mind, and in less time than it takes me to tell it, we were all put "hors de combat," (no pun intended.)

As for the part I took individually in this equestrian performance, I have only to say that I had hardly seated myself in the saddle, when my unruly steed came down on his stiffened fore legs with such force, that if "next week" had been lying on the ground ten or fifteen feet ahead of me, I would certainly have knocked out the middle. I was partially stunned by the fall but soon rose to my feet, and was much relieved and consoled looking round, to find that all the rest had been served in the same way, except one rider who managed to stick upon his horse in spite of all the animal's efforts to get rid of him. The Mexicans no doubt had purposely selected the wildest horses in the corral, and it is probable the most of them had never been backed half a dozen times even by the rancheros themselves, who are unsurpassed by any people in horsemanship. I am confident that the padre and his flock enjoyed this equestrian performance much more than the actors, but as heretofore the laugh had been all on our side, we did not blame them for the pleasure they took in our discomfiture. However, we concluded to dispense with our unmanageable steeds, "unpressed" them by restoring them to their lawful owners, and resumed our march on foot for Goliad. The Mexican padre was sent to San Felipe on the Brazos, where he was securely caged until Santa Anna and his army were defeated and driven from Texas. He had the reputation of being a great scoundrel and an inveterate gambler, and his sinister countenance did not belie "the soft impeachment." I will do him justice however, to say that we were indebted to him for the best breakfast we had eaten since landing in Texas. Peace to his ashes.

(Continued Next Month)

Bill Anderson of the Quantrell Band

Henry C. Fuller, in San Antonio Express, August 24, 1924.

Six miles from Brownwood, on the banks of Salt Creek, a pretty stream that flows between rocky banks through pecan groves and lovely valleys to the Colorado River, lives Uncle Bill Anderson, now 85 years old, and one time member of the famous Quantrell band of guerrillas. The writer formed the acquaintance of Uncle Bill about five years ago, when he came to this part of Texas and has spent many hours talking to him about the stirring days of the past, at his home on Salt Creek. Uncle Bill, as everybody knows him, is a familiar figure on the streets of Brownwood on Saturdays, and spends most of his time when in town at the court house, converssing with old time friends and acquaintances. He seldom talks about his connection with the famous band of William Quantrell, and it is only to the closest friends that he talks at all on the subject.

He joined Quantrell at the beginning of the tragic career of that stormy petrel of the Civil War and was with him in practically all his raids against the armies of the Union. Uncle Bill Anderderson is supposed to be dead, and the official reports in the office of the Secretary of War at Washington,. signed by Maj. Cox of the Union army, show that he was killed in Ray county, Missouri, about the close of the Civil War, and was buried near where he was killed.

In a book written some time ago by a man named Connelley, who is now president of the Kansas Historical Society, at Topeka, Kansas, pains are taken to show just how Bill Anderson was killed by Union soldiers. The story is that on a certain occasion while Anderson with a small band of guerrillas was raiding Ray county, Missouri, far removed from the main band under Quantrell, the Union forces found it out and sent Major Cox with a detachment of soldiers and under sealed orders to go to Ray county, and Cox was not to open his orders until he had reached a certain locality, which he was to do by night, using the utmost secrecy and stealth in doing so and not intimating to his men where he was going.

Major Cox followed the directions, and on reaching the lonely spot in Ray county, he opened his orders and was surprised that they told him he was now in the immediate vicinity of the camp of Bill Anderson, right hand man of Quantrell, and that while most of his men were to ambush or conceal themselves behind a fence on both sides of a long lane that opened from a wooded area, a small detachment was to go forward, locate the band of Anderson and as soon as they had done so, beat a hasty retreat, running back through the lane, and the rest of the men under Cox were to fire upon the the guerrillas and kill them as they came by. The plan worked fine, and when the scouts located Bill Anderson, Anderson's men gave immediate pursuit, but Anderson himself did not go. However, one of his lieutenants mounted on the fine horse of Anderson had joined in the chase. Every man was killed in ambush in the lane, just as the orders of Cox anticipated, and the one on the big horse known to belong to Anderson, was taken for Anderson.

As soon as Bill Anderson heard the shooting he knew that an ambuscade had told the story, and mounting another horse in camp, he plunged into the woods and escaped. This was his last escapade of the war. Leaving Missouri, he rode southward and kept on riding, riding, until he reached Texas, and then he rode on and on, intending to go to Mexico and locate there. By and by he reached the lovely valley of Salt Creek, in what is now Brown county. Nobody lived here then, and once in awhile roving bands of Indians passed through the country. It was a charming place and on the extreme feather edge of things. Bluebonnets were in bloom as far as the eye could see. Antelope and deer and an occasional buffalo and wild turkeys and prairie chickens added to the interest and beauty of the landscape. Through this lovely valley the little stream that Uncle Bill named Salt Creek wended its way, between great groves of pecan trees.

In the distance great hills formed an attractive and satisfactory background. As Bill Anderson, then a young man, looked upon the peaceful scene, far removed from strife and from human habitation, he made up his mind at once to go no further in search of a place in which to locate and build a home. So tethering his horse in the midst of as fine grass as was ever tasted by the equine species, and after broiling a fine steak from a

deer which he had shot, the wanderer spread his blanket and with his saddle under his head was soon sleeping quietly, and dreaming perhaps of the stirring days with Quantrell back in Missouri. On the following day he rode up and down the valley and at last selected the place on which to build his house.

The house was built of logs—a double-roomed affair, and still stands, although he has added to it as the years have passed, covering it by and by with lumber hauled on ox wagons from Fort Worth. He built a rock chimney that is the wonder now of the surrounding country, because of the great size of the fireplace. In time Uncle Bill married and children came to bless the union, as the old saying goes. These children grew to manhood and womanhood, married, and are living now in Brown county, all good people and doing their part toward making the world and humanity better in every way. Several years ago Uncle Bill's faithful wife died and since that time when not living alone he has had some of his children and their family in the house with him. His farm is one of the best in Brown county, level, productive, and on it something worth while is always growing.

Uncle Bill Anderson is fond of jokes and tells many on himself. Years ago when Brownwood was "wet" he came to town one day and was summoned to sit on the jury in a case in justice court. He went to the courtroom, which was crowded, and after sitting there a long time, and no case being called, whispered to a man who sat near and said:

"I have to step out a few minutes. If my name is called you answer for me; take my place and hold it until I get back."

Knowing Bill Anderson, the man answered that he would do so, and Anderson left the court room. Presently the case was called and as the list of jurors was announced and called one by one, the man got up and walked around and took a seat in place of Bill Anderson, who had stepped out. Anderson, on getting out of doors, ran into a bunch of convivial spirits who steered him to a saloon,where, after taking a drink or so and telling a few jokes, time passed on velvet wings, the case at the court house being entirely forgotten. Two hours later Anderson suddenly recalled that he had been summoned to sit on the jury and hastily made his way to the court house, and was told as he met the crowd coming out that the man had been tried and found not guilty, nobody being the wiser

On another occasion when he was living alone, he was taken sick. He lay on the bed two or three days thinking he would get better. His nearest neighbor was two miles distant. He got no better and one night he decided he must have medical attention, so picking two pistols of different calibre, he opened a window and fired the pistols alternately, as if two or more men were engaged in a battle to the death. Then he loaded and emptied the guns again. It was after midnight and the fusilade sent echoes reverbrating up and down Salt Ceek canyons. Neighbors, awakened by the shots, sprang from bed and hastily put on their clothes with one exclamation:

"By gatlins, they have come after Uncle Bill at last and he is surely mixing it with them," and grabbing their guns, they made for his house. Arriving in the neighborhood from several directions, several neighbors met and crept through the night silently toward the house of their friend. All was dark—not a light, not a sound, save the wind sweeping through the dry sedge grass or rustling the limbs of the mesquite. It was apparently the stillness of death. But suddenly the fusilade opened up again and fire flashed from two guns in one of the windows of the house, until about ten shots had shattered the silence of the night. Then all was silent again and presently one of the neighbors crept to the back door and knocked until a voice —that of Uncle Bill—was heard feebly in an adjoining room.

"What is the matter, Uncle Bill?" the neighbor asked.

"What is the matter?" answered Uncle Bill from his bed. "By—— I am a sick man and I want somebody to get a doctor for me. It is careless of neighbors to let a man lie here and die. Get me a doctor and get him quick. I was firing the pistols in order to get somebody to come here and get a doctor for me." It is needless to say that Uncle Bill got a doctor and got him as quickly as a man could ride to Brownwood.

Uncle Bill Anderson for 60 years has been a good man and citizen. His place is known for and wide. He is hospitable, kind and gentle. He has raised a fine family of children and grandchildren.

E. M. Phelan Kills a Big Indian Chief

A. J. Sowell, in El Paso Times, 1912

In the spring of 1870 the Indians made a raid into Llano county and stole some horses from cowhunters who were camped on Sandies Creek and the cow boys at once sent a runner to a settlement on Pecan bayou, telling the people there to look out for the Indians as they were headed in that direction. A squad of twelve settlers soon assembled, gathering in the night, and early next morning set out to see what signs they could find of the Indians.

The names of this band of young Indian fighters were as follows: John Bachs, Gum Phillips, E. Phillips, E. M. Phelan, Sant Bacus, John Reams, Ralph Haynes, Eli Sheeley, Ben Gibson, James Harrington, Deeve Harrington, Ross Daniels and James Daniels.

The first thing they did was to proceed to a high ridge known as Mesquite Hill, which they ascended. There they watched until noon, as the Indians, during a raid in this part of the country generally passed near this place either coming in or going out, but as no signs of them could be seen up to this time the boys concluded they had passed another way and left this elevated lookout and went into a chain of mountains on the headwaters of Cypress creek, in Blanco county, about twelve miles north of Johnson City and thirty-five miles east of Fredericksburg. Here the trail of the Indians was found and also about that time a heavy rain set in, but this latter fact was to the advantage of the settlers, as they could follow the trail rapidly, sometimes at a gallop where the horses of the Indians sank deeply in the soft earth.

Several miles were passed over in this way when suddenly and sharply someone cried out, "Yonder they are!" The Indians were on a high point in a liveoak thicket, dismounted, and their blankets and other things spread out drying, as the rain had ceased and the sun was shining. They were evidently intending to make a raid on a little village called Round Mountain, as it was in view some distance off in the valley.

The order, "Charge them, boys!" was given, and away they went yelling like a band of Comanches themselves, but at the thicket they divided, some going on the left and some into the thicket, while E. M. Phelan went to the right alone. Before he made the circle around he met part of the Indians running from the other boys and at once charged them and commenced using his Winchester. They ran down a steep hill and he followed, and as they crossed a deep gulley he dismounted and ran his arm through the bridle, intending to try to kill one as they went up on the other side, but the horse, being frightened, kept running backward, and spoiling his aim, so he mounted again, crossed the ravine and followed them.

The Indians circled around a point and Phelan went over it and by that means gained some on them. None of the other boys were in sight and the brave young settler still kept after the Indians alone. They were running abreast and the chief was behind to the right of the others when Phelan made a run for him, the others seeming to be on faster horses than their chief.

Seeing now that he was the object of pursuit, the Comanche turned in the saddle and fired at his pursuer with a pistol and kept repeating it for some distance, but it seemed that he always fired before he got his pistol down low enough. Phelan watched him close and maneuvered his horse so as to spoil his aim as much as possible and at the distance of about thirty yards commenced shooting, both horses going at full speed neck and neck.

A ball hit the Indian near the backbone and came out on the left side, but he kept his saddle and again presented his pistol to fire, but before he could do so another ball went into the right side and came out on the left, near where the other made its exit. The Indian still stayed on his horse, fired again and ran on.

Phelan could not tell as yet whether his shots had been effective as the Indian showed no signs of weakening. Throwing another cartridge into his gun he determined to crowd close and ram the muzzle of his Winchester against the Indian and fire. The chief now checked his horse and jumped to the ground, pulled his saddle off with him. The saddle hung under the horse, frightening

the animal so that he ran away.

The Indian wheeled quickly to meet the white man with his pistol gripped in both hands and the muzzle of the gun and pistol almost touched. At this critical moment, however, Phelan's horse, scared at the Indian,, and wheeled so suddenly that his rider came to the ground within ten feet of the Comanche, who fired but missed and then ran. Phelan regained his feet , pulled a revolver and fired, but missed, and the Indian turned again and faced him, but as he was about to fire suddenly fell backwards across his bow and quiver, throwing the pistol some distance. The settler approached him, drew his knife and leaned over and stabbed him several times and the Comanche chief was no more.

The victor now took the belt, pistol, quiver of arrows, etc., and walking about twenty steps pushed them under some bushes. He then went back and scalped the Indian and put the scalp in his pocket, caught his horse, mounted and galloped over a ridge to look for the other boys. He was two miles from where the fight commenced and the other men had been chasing the balance of the band in which they killed two and wounded several more. Phelan went to a house about two miles off and, finding two men there, returned with them to where the chase commenced and took the trail of the boys and the other Indians until they met the former on the back track. They did not know what had become of Phelan and supposed he had been killed somewhere in the thicket.

The party returned by a spot where a squaw was said to have been killed, but she was not there, although she had been shot in the breast, wrist and high. Her trail was taken down a rocky branch, many blood stains being visible until she was found hidden in the brush. Not knowing what defensive weapon she might have some one shot her dead as soon as she was discovered. The wounded squaw had gathered sticks and splintered her broken wrist.

From this place the party returned to the body of the Indian Phelan had killed and from there back to the liveoak thicket where the pursuit commenced. There they found the body of an Indian brave. Taking all things into consideration, the Comanches made a poor fight, but their bow strings might have been wet from the recent rain and they did not have many firearms.

The chief that Phelan killed was a formidable looking fellow. He was dressed as follows: Pair of leggings, short jacket, headdress with buffalo horns on it, one horn painted red and the other black, one big plait of hair with clock wheels and different colored beads worked in it, three or four strips of red flannel hanging to theback of the headdress, a breastplate composed of ninty-six bones very white and strung in four rows, and a strip of leather running up between each row worked with different colored beads, one nice silver bracelet on his left wrist and a fine silver ring on his left hand and a string wrapped with some kind of white metal, and four common rings hanging in it on his right wrist; moccasins, beaded and fringed with a cross on each one, shield on left arm, bow, quiver, knife and white-handled pistol.

John Bacus killed one of the [illegible]cks and Gum Phillips killed the squaw.

Please mention Frontier Times to your friends and ask them to subscribe.

HAUNTED HOUSE ON RED RIVER

(Continued From Page 19)

to amputate his arm. At the next term of district court in Grayson County he was tried and convicted for burglarizing a store several years prior to the time of which I write.

On the journey from Dodd's to his old home he made a full confession regarding the haunted house and the stolen horse. He said that he and his associates had rendezvoused for years at the Dock Carter home and till our coming had little trouble in keeping up a deterrent sentiment among the Indians of that locality.

The horse had been stolen near Granbury, Hood county, and though advertized for months the notice had never caught the eye of the owner.

Several years after this I met a number of the men who took part in this adventure and was told that Thede DeGraffenrei had never been seen in Grayson County and that Lee Langford was serving his time in the state prison at Huntsville. The friends of whom I speak also said that the old Carter mansion was burned a few years after it was vacated by us.

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Herman Lehmann, the Indian.

Another book is to be issued from the Hunter printery, in Bandera. This time it is to be the life and experiences of Herman Lehmann, the Indian. J. Marvin Hunter will compile and edit this book, and it will be issued from the press some time in March. Herman Lehmann was captured by Apache Indians in Mason county when he was ten years old and spent four years with the tribe. He killed the chief who captured him and had to flee for his life, going into the mountains where he spent a year alone, and then went to the Comanches, with whom he spent four years, being restored to his people through the efforts of General McKenzie. Lehmann had become the wildest Indian of the tribe. He had forgotten his mother tongue, and when he was brought back to civilization he was not inclined to accept the white man's ways and had to be constantly guarded to prevent him from going back to his tribe. When he puts on his Indian garb today he looks like an Indian, talks like an Indian, is an Indian. His book will be full of thrills and excitement, for he tells how he endured the tortures and cruelty of his captors, how he learned to shoot the bow and arrow, how he made raids into the settlements killing white people and stealing horses from his own kin, tells of battles with the rangers and how he had hairbreadth escapes. His narratives are true and are borne out by men who were living and ranging on the frontier in those early days. At the Old Trail Drivers' reunion in San Antonio Lehmann and Captain J. B. Gillett met for the first time since they were engaged in battle on the Concho plains forty-nine years ago, Lehmann fighting with the Indians and Captain Gillett with the Rangers. Captain Gillett killed Lehmann's horse and came near capturing Lehmann. The story of this battle will be graphically told by these two men in the forthcoming book. It will be a volume of rare value and a contribution to frontier history that will be highly prized. Only a limited edition will be printed at first, and it will sell for $2.50 per copy. Advance orders may be sent to J. Marvin Hunter at Bandera now, and delivery will be made as soon as the book is ready. Send no money till you have been notified that the book has been issued, but send in your name and address and the book will be mailed to you C. O. D. when off the press.

The Trail Drivers' Reunion.

The Old Time Trail Drivers' annual reunion was held in San Antonio November 6, 7, and 8, and was attended by several hundred of the old boys who went up the trail with cattle to the Northern markets in the early days. It was a great gathering, old fontiersmen and cowboys, Indian fighters, freighters and rangers coming from different sections of the country to once more greet their od comrades. We cannot give the names of all who were there, but among those we met were C. F. Doan of Doan's Store on Red River; Judge W. L. Cureton of Meridian, Captain Will Wright of Laredo, Captain J. B. Gillett of Marfa, Judge William Atkinson of Gonzales, Col. W. B. Slaughter of San Antonio, Mrs. Amanda Burk, the Queen of the Trail Drivers; J. L. McCaleb of Carrizo Springs, Jack Dragoo of Whiteland E. D. DuBose of Sandia, T. M. Knatzer of Fredonio, Mark Withers of Lockhart, Hiram Craig of Brenham, C. C. Lincecum of Waelder, and hundreds of others who had a part in the trail driving. The program as arranged was enjoyed by all who were there. The movement to erect a monument to the memory of the trail drivers is well under way, and funds for this purpose were raised at this gathering. Each night of the reunion old time cowboy balls were given, but on the second night at Turner Hall the flappers of San Antonio seemed to have captured the floor as well as the old timers and many of the old boys lost their badge to find it pinned to the lapel of the coat of some jellybean beau of the flapper who had danced with him.

These reunions are a great source of pleasure to the old frontiersmen, and San Antonio is the regular meeting place for them.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine.

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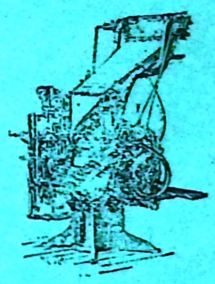

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